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VOL. LXXX.

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VOL. XXX.



R. 1825.

BLÜCHER.

THE
WORKS

OF
WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

VOL. LXXX.

ROMANCES LXXV.

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ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1826.



THE

W. O. H. S.

WALTER COLE

ROBERTSON

WICK

SYSTEM OF ACCOUNTS

1875



# PAUL'S LETTERS

TO

HIS KINSFOLK.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

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# PAUL'S LETTERS

TO

HIS KINSFOLK.

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## LETTER XI.

PAUL TO ———, ESQ. OF ———.

I HAVE now, my dear friend, reached Paris, after traversing the road from Brussels to this conquered capital through sights and sounds of war, and yet more terrible marks of its recent ravages. The time was interesting, for although our route presented no real danger, yet it was not, upon some occasions, without such an appearance of it as naturally to impress a civilian with a corresponding degree of alarm. All was indeed new to me, and the scenes which I be-



held were such as press most deeply on the feelings.

We were following the route of the victorious English army, to which succours of every sort, and reinforcements of troops recently landed in Flanders, were pressing eagerly forward, so that the towns and roads were filled with British and foreign troops. For the war, although ended to all useful and essential purposes, could not in some places be said to be actually finished. Condé had surrendered but a few days before, and Valenciennes still held out, and, as report informed us, was to undergo a renewal of the bombardment. Another and contrary rumour assured us that an armistice had taken place, and that, as *non-combatants*, the garrison would permit a party even as alarming as our own to pass through the town without interruption. I felt certainly a degree of curiosity to see the most formidable operation of modern war, but, as I was far from wishing the city of Valenciennes to have been burnt for my amusement, we were happy to find that the latter report was accurate. Accordingly we passed the works and batteries of the besiegers unquestioned by the Dutch and Prussian videttes, who were stalking to and fro upon their posts, and proceeded to the gate of the place, where we underwent a brief examination from the non-commissioned officer on duty, who



looked at our passports, requested to know if we were military men, and, being answered in the negative, permitted us to enter a dark, ill-built, and dirty town. «And these are the men,” I thought, as I eyed the ill-dressed and ragged soldiers upon duty at the gates and Valenciennes, «these are the men who have turned the world upside down, and whose name has been the night-mare of Europe, since most of this generation have written man!” They looked ugly and dirty and savage enough certainly, but seemed to have little superiority in strength or appearance to the Dutch or Belgians. There was, indeed, in the air and eye of the soldiers of Buonaparte, (for such these military men still called themselves,) something of pride and self-elation, that indicated undaunted confidence in their own skill and valour; but they appeared disunited and disorganized. Some wore the white cockade, others still displayed the tricolour, and one prudent fellow had, for his own amusement and that of his comrades, stuck both in his hat at once, so as to make a *cocarde de convenance*, which might suit either party that should get uppermost. We were not permitted to go upon the ramparts, and I did not think it necessary to walk about a town in possession of a hostile soldiery left to the freedom of their own will. The inhabitants looked dejected and un-



happy, and our landlady, far from displaying the liveliness of a French-woman, was weeping ripe, and seemed ready to burst into tears at every question which we put to her. Their apprehensions had been considerably relieved by General Rey having himself assumed the white cockade; but as he still refused to admit any of the allied troops within the city, there remained a great doubt whether the allies would content themselves with the blockade, to which they had hitherto restricted their operations against Valenciennes. The inhabitants were partial, the landlady said, to the English, with whom they were well acquainted, as Valenciennes had been a principal depot for the prisoners of war; but they deprecated their town being occupied by the Prussians or Belgians, in whose lenity they seemed to place but little reliance.

On the road next day we met with very undesirable company, being the disbanded garrison of Condé, whom the allies had dismissed after occupying that town. There is, you may have remarked, something sinister in the appearance of a common soldier of any country when he is divested of his uniform. The martial gait, look, and manner, and the remaining articles of military dress which he has retained, being no longer combined with that neatness which argues that the individual makes part of a ci-



vilized army, seem menacing and ominous from the want of that assurance. If this is the case even with the familiar faces of our own soldiery, the wild and swarthy features, moustaches, and singular dresses of foreigners, added much, as may well be supposed, of the look of banditti to the garrison of Condé. They were indeed a true sample of the desperate school to which they belonged, for it was not many days since they had arrested and put to death a French loyalist officer named Cardon, solely for summoning them to surrender the town to the king. For this crime the brother of the murdered individual is now invoking vengeance, but as yet fruitlessly, at the court of the Thuilleries. These desperadoes, strolling in bands of eight or ten or twenty, as happened, occupied the road for two or three miles, and sullen resentment and discontent might easily be traced in their looks. They offered us no rudeness, however, but contented themselves with staring hard at us, as a truculent looking-fellow would now and then call out *Vive le Roi!* and subjoin an epithet or two to show that it was uttered in no mood of loyal respect. At every cross-road two or three dropped off from the main body, after going, with becoming grace, through the ceremony of embracing and kissing their greasy companions. The thought involuntarily pressed itself upon our



mind, what will become of these men, and what of the thousands who, in similar circumstances, are now restored to civil life, with all the wild habits and ungoverned passions which war and license have so long fostered? Will the lion lie down with the kid, or the trained free-booter return to the peaceable and laborious pursuits of civil industry? Or are they not more likely to beg, borrow, starve, and steal, until some unhappy opportunity shall again give them a standard and a chieftain?

We were glad when we got free of our military fellow-travellers, with whom I should not have chosen to meet by night, or in solitude, being exactly of their appearance who would willingly say "*Stand*" to a true man. But we had no depredations to complain of, excepting the licensed extortions of the innkeepers, a matter of which you are the less entitled to complain, because every prudent traveller makes his bargain for his refreshments and lodging before he suffers the baggage to be taken from his carriage. Each reckoning is therefore a formal treaty between you and mine host or hostess, in which you have your own negligence or indifference to blame, if you are very much over-reached. It is scarce necessary to add, that the worst and poorest inns are the most expensive in proportion. But I ought not to omit informing you,



that notwithstanding a mode of conducting their ordinary business, so much savouring of imposition, there is no just room to charge the French with more direct habits of dishonesty. Your baggage and money are always safe from theft or depredation; and when I happened to forget a small writing-box, in which there was actually some money, and which had the appearance of being intended for securing valuable articles, an ostler upon horseback overtook our carriage with it before I had discovered my mistake. Yet it would have cost these people only a lie to say they knew nothing of it, especially as their house was full of soldiers of different nations, whose presence certainly afforded a sufficient apology for the disappearance of such an article. This incident gave me a favourable opinion of this class of society in France, as possessed at least of that sort of limited honesty which admits of no peculation excepting in the regular way of business.

The road from Brussels to Paris is, in its ordinary state, destitute of objects to interest the traveller. The highways, planned by Sully, and completed by his followers in office, have a magnificence elsewhere unknown. Their great breadth argues the little value of ground at the time they were laid out, but the perfect state in which the central causeway is maintained,



renders the passage excellent even in the worst weather, while the large track of ground on each side gives an ample facility to use a softer road during the more favourable season. They are usually shadowed by triple rows of elms, and frequently of fruit-trees, which have a rich and pleasant effect. But much of the picturesque delights of travelling are lost in France, owing to the very circumstances which have rendered the roads so excellent. For as they were all made by the authority of a government, which possessed and exercised the power of going as directly from one point to another as the face of the country admitted, they preserve commonly that long and inflexible straight line, of all others least promising to the traveller, who longs for the gradual openings of landscape afforded by a road which, in sweet and varied modulation, "winds round the cornfield and the hill of vines," being turned as it were from its forward and straight direction by respect for ancient property and possession, some feeling for the domestic privacy and convenience, some sympathy even for the prejudices and partialities of a proprietor. I love not the stoical virtue of a Brutus, even in laying out a turnpike-road, and should augur more happily of a country (were there nothing else to judge by) where the public appears to have given occasionally a little way to spare pri-



vate property and domestic seclusion, than of one where the high-road goes right to its mark without respect to either. In the latter case it only proves the authority of those who administer the government; in the former it indicates respect for private rights, for the protection of which government itself is instituted.

But the traveller in France, upon my late route, has less occasion than elsewhere to regret the rectilinear direction of the road on which he journeys, for the country offers no picturesque beauty. The rivers are sluggish, and have flat uninteresting banks. In the towns there sometimes occurs a church worthy of visiting, but no other remarkable building of any kind; and the sameness of the architecture of the 15th century, to which period most of them may be referred, is apt to weary the attention when you have visited four or five churches in the course of two days. The fortifications of the towns are of the modern kind, and consequently more formidable than picturesque. Of those feudal castles which add such a venerable grace to the landscape in many places of England and Scotland, I have not seen one either ruinous or entire. It would seem that the policy of Louis XI., to call up his nobility from their estates to the court, and to render them as far as possible dependent upon the crown, — a policy indirectly



seconded by the destruction of the noble families which took place in the civil wars of the League, and more systematically by the arts observed during the reign of Louis XIV., — had succeeded so entirely as to root out almost all traces of the country having ever been possessed by a *noblesse campagnarde*, who founded their importance, their power, and their respectability, dependent on the attachment of the peasants among whom they lived, and over whom their interest extended. There are no ruins of their ancient and defensive habitations, and the few, the very few country houses which the traveller sees, resemble those built in our own country about the reign of Queen Anne, while the grounds about them seem in general neglected, the fences broken, and the whole displaying that appearance of waste which deforms a property after the absence of a proprietor for some years.

The furious patriots of the Revolution denounced war against castles, and proclaimed peace to the cottage. Of the former they found comparatively few to destroy, and of the latter, in the English sense of the word, there were as few to be protected. The cultivator of the fields in France, whether farmer or peasant, does not usually live in a detached farm-house or cottage, but in one of the villages with which the country



abounds. This circumstance, which is not altogether indifferent, so far as it concerns rural economies, blemishes greatly the beauty of the landscape. The solitary farm-house, with its little dependencies of cottages, is in itself a beautiful object, while it seldom fails to excite in the mind the idea of the natural and systematic dependence of a few virtuous cottagers upon an opulent and industrious farmer, who exercises over them a sort of natural and patriarchal authority, which has not the less influence because the subjection of the hinds, and their submission to their superior, is in some degree voluntary. A large village, composed of many farmers and small proprietors, who hire their labourers at large, and without distinction, from amongst the poorer class of the same town, is more open to the feuds and disputes which disturb human society, always least virtuous and orderly when banded in crowds together, and when uninfluenced by the restraints of example and of authority, approaching, as closely as may be, to their own station in society.

Another uncomfortable appearance in French landscape, is the total want of inclosure. The ground is sedulously and industriously cultivated, and apparently no portion of it is left without a crop. But the want of hedges and hedge-row trees gives to an eye accustomed to the richness



of England, a strange appearance of waste and neglect, even where you are convinced, on a closer examination, that there exists in reality neither the one nor the other. Besides, there is necessarily an absence of all those domestic animals which add so much in reality, as well as in painting and descriptive poetry, to the beauty of a country. Where there are no inclosures, and where at the same time the land is under crop, it is plain that the painter must look in vain for his groups of cattle, sheep, and horses, as the poet must miss his lowing herd and bleating flock. The cattle of France are accordingly fed in the large straw-yards which belong to each *Matairie*, or farm-house, and the sheep are chiefly grazed in distant tracts of open pasture. The former practice, as a mode of keeping not only the stall-fed bullock, but the cows destined for the dairy, has been hailed with acclamation in our own country by many great agriculturists, and by you among others. But until I shall be quite assured that the rustic economics profit by this edict of perpetual imprisonment against the milky mothers of the herd, in proportion to the discomfort of the peaceful and useful animal thus sequestered from its natural habits, and to the loss of natural beauty in the rural landscape, thus deprived of its most pleasing objects, I would willingly move



for a writ of Habeas Corpus in favour of poor Crummie, made a bond-slave in a free country. At any rate, the total absence of cattle from the fields, gives a dull and unanimated air to a French landscape.

In travelling also through such parts of France as I have seen, the eye more particularly longs for that succession of country-seats, with their accompaniments of parks, gardens, and paddocks, which not only furnish the highest ornaments of an English landscape, but afford the best and most pleasing signs of the existence of a mild and beneficent aristocracy of land-holders, giving a tone to the opinions of those around them, not by the despotism of feudal authority and direct power, but, as we have already said of the farmer, by the gradual and imperceptible influence which property, joined with education, naturally acquires over the more humble cultivator of the soil. It is the least evil consequence of the absence of the proprietor, that with him vanish those improvements upon the soil, and upon the face of nature, which are produced by opulence under the guidance of taste. The eye in this country seldom dwells with delight upon trees growing single or in groupes, at large and unconfined, for the sole purpose of ornament, and contrasting their unrestrained vegetation and profusion of shade with



such as, being trained solely for the axe, have experienced constant restraint from the closeness of the masses in which they are planted, and from the knife of the pruner. The French forests themselves, when considered in their general effect, though necessarily both numerous and extensive, as furnishing the principal fuel used by the inhabitants, are not generally so disposed as to make an interesting part of the scenery. The trees are seldom scattered into broken groupes, and never arranged in hedge-rows, unless by the sides of the highways. Large woods, or rather masses of plantation, cannot and do not supply the variety of landscape afforded by detached groves, or the rich and clothed appearance formed by a variety of intersecting lines composed of single trees.

The absence of inclosures gives also, at least to our eyes, an unimproved and neglected air to this country. But upon close inspection the traveller is satisfied that the impression is inaccurate. The soil is rich, generally speaking, and every part of the land is carefully cropped and cultivated. Although, therefore, the ground, being undivided except by the colour of the various crops by which it is occupied, has, at first sight, that waste and impoverished appearance to which the inhabitant of an inclosed country is particularly sensible, yet the returns which



it makes to the cultivator amply contradict the false impression. It is truly a rich and fertile land, affording in profusion all that can render subsistence easy, and abounding with corn, wine, and oil. When we consider France in this light, it is impossible to suppress our feelings of resentment at the irregular ambition, which carried the inhabitants of so rich a country to lay yet more waste the barren sands of Prussia, and encumber with their corpses the pathless wildernesses of Moscow and Kalouga.

But the hour of retaliation is now come, and with whatever feelings of resentment we regard the provocation, it is impossible to view the distress of the country without deep emotions of compassion. From one hill to another our eye descried the road before us occupied by armed bands of every description, horse, foot, artillery, and baggage, with their guards and attendants. Here was seen a long file of cavalry moving on at a slow pace, and collecting their forage as they advanced. There a park of artillery was formed in a corn-field, of which the crop was trampled down and destroyed. In one place we passed a regiment of soldiers, pressing forwards to occupy some village for their night quar'ers, where the peasant must lay his account with finding his military guests whatever accommodation they are pleased to demand from him;



in another we might see, what was still more ominous to the country through which the march was made, small parties of infantry or of cavalry, detached upon duty, or straggling for the purpose of plunder. The harvest stood ripened upon the fields, but it was only in a few places that the farmer, amid the confusion of the country, had ventured upon the operation of reaping it, unless where he was compelled by the constraint of a military requisition, or the commands of a commissary. It would have been a new sort of harvest-home for you, and your faithful *Grieve*, to have seen the labour of leading in the crop performed by an armed force, and your sheaves moving to head-quarters instead of the farm-yard, under the escort of an armed and whiskered Prussian, smoking his pipe with great composure on the top of each cart. Sometimes odd enough rencounters took place during this operation. A Prussian commissary, with his waggons, met some French peasants driving their carts, which occasioned a temporary stop to both parties. While some of the Frenchmen seemed zealously engaged in clearing way for the military men, others approached the waggons, and having previously contrived to ascertain that none of the Prussians understood French, they loaded them with all the abusive epithets which that language affords; taking care, how-



ever, amid the vivacity of their vituperation, to preserve such an exterior of respect in their manner and gestures, as induced the honest Prussians to suppose the Frenchmen were making apologies for the temporary obstruction which they had given to their betters. Thus the one party were showering *coquins*, and *voleurs*, and *brigands* upon the other, who ever and anon with great gravity withdrew their pipes from their mouths to answer these douceurs with *Das ist gut — sehr wohl*, and similar expressions of acquiescence. It would have been cruel to have deprived the poor Frenchmen of this ingenious mode of expectorating their resentment, but I could not help giving them a hint, that the commissary who was coming up understood their language, which had the instant effect of sending the whole party to their horses' heads.

The inhabitants have hastened to propitiate the invaders, as far as possible, by assuming the badges of loyalty to the house of Bourbon. Nothing marked to my mind more strongly the distracted state of the country, than the apparent necessity which every, even the humblest individual, thought himself under, of wearing a white cockade, and displaying from the thatch of his cottage a white rag, to represent the *pavillon blanc*. There was a degree of suspicion, arising from this very unanimity, concerning the



motives for which these emblems were assumed; and I dare say the poor inhabitants might many of them have expressed their feelings in the words of Fletcher, —

“Who is he here that did not wish thee  
chosen,

Now thou *art* chosen? Ask them — all will  
say so,

Nay swear't — 'tis for the king; but let  
that pass.”

With equal zeal the inhabitants of the towns were laying aside each symbol that had reference to Buonaparte, and emulously substituting a loyal equivalent. The sign-painter was cleverest at his profession who could best convert the word *Imperial* into *Royal*; but there were many bunglers, whose attempts produced only a complicated union of the two contradictory adjectives. Some prudent house-keepers, tired apparently of the late repeated changes, left a blank for the epithet, to be inserted when the government should show some permanency.

These numerous testimonies of acquiescence in the purpose of their march, were in some measure lost upon the allied troops. The British indeed preserved the strictest propriety and discipline, in obedience to the orders issued and



enforced by the commander-in-chief. But as the army was necessarily to be maintained at the expence of the country through which they passed, heavy requisitions were issued by the commissaries, which the French authorities themselves were under the necessity of enforcing. Still, as pillage and free-booting, under pretext of free-quarters and maintenance, were strictly prohibited and punished, the presence of the English troops was ardently desired, as a protection against those of other nations.

Our allies the Prussians, as they had greater wrongs to revenge, were far less scrupulous in their treatment of the invaded country. When our road lay along their line of march, we found as many deserted villages as would have jointured all Sultan Mahoud's owls. In some places the inhabitants had fled to the woods, and only a few miserable old creatures, rendered fearless by age and poverty, came around us, begging, or offering fruit for sale. As the peasants had left their cottages locked up, the soldiers as regularly broke them open, by discharging a musket through the key-hole, and shattering all the wards at once by the explosion. He who obtains admission by such violent preliminaries is not likely to be a peaceful or orderly guest; and accordingly furniture broken and destroyed, windows dashed in, doors torn down, and now and then



a burnt cottage, joined with the state of the hamlets, deserted by such of the terrified inhabitants as were able to fly, and tenanted only by the aged and disabled, reminded me of the beautiful lines describing the march of a conqueror, —

Amazement in his van with Flight combined,  
And Sorrow's faded form and Solitude behind."

A friend of mine met with an interesting adventure at one of these deserted villages. He had entered the garden of a cottage of somewhat a superior appearance, but which had shared the fate of the rest of the hamlet. As he looked around him he perceived that he was watched from behind the bushes by two or three children, who ran away as soon as they perceived themselves observed. He called after them, but to no purpose. The sound of the English accent, however, emboldened the mother of the family to show herself from a neighbouring thicket, and at length she took courage to approach him. My friend found to his surprise that she understood English well, owing to some accident of her life or education, which I have forgotten. She told him her family were just venturing back from their refuge in the woods, where they had remained two days without shelter, and



almost without food, to see what havock the spoilers had made in their cottage, when they were again alarmed by the appearance of troops. Being assured that they were English soldiers, she readily agreed to remain, under the confidence which the national character inspired; and having accepted what assistance her visitor had to offer her, as the only acknowledgment in her power, she sent one of the children to pull and present to her guest the only rose which her now ruined garden afforded. "It was the last," she said, "she had, and she was happy to bestow it on an Englishman." It is upon occasions such as these that the French women, even of the lowest class, display a sort of sentimental delicacy unknown to those of other countries.

Equal distress, but of a very different kind, I witnessed in the perturbation of a Flemish peasant, whose team of horses had been put in requisition to transport the baggage of an English officer of distinction. As they had not been returned to the owner, whose livelihood and that of his family depended on their safety, he had set out in quest of them, in an agony of doubt and apprehension that actually had the appearance of insanity. Our attention was called to him from his having seated himself behind our carriage, and an expostulation on our part produced his explanation. I never saw such a sudden



transition from despair to hope, as in the poor fellow's rugged features when he saw, in the descent between two hills, a party of English dragoons with led horses. He made no doubt they could only be his own, and I hoped to see such a meeting as that of Sancho with Dapple, after their doleful separation. But we were both disappointed; the led horses proved to be those of my friend General A——, who probably would not have been much flattered by their being mistaken, at whatever distance, for Flemish beasts of burthen. I believe, however, my ruined peasant obtained some clew for recovering his lost property, for he suddenly went off in a direction different from that which we had hitherto afforded him the means of pursuing. It is only by selecting such individual instances that I can make you comprehend the state of the country between Mons and Paris.

The Prussians having used this military license, the march of such of our troops as pursued the same route became proportionally uncomfortable. A good bluff quarter-master of dragoons complained to me of the discomforts which they experienced from the condition to which the country had been reduced, but in a tone and manner which led me to conjecture, that my honest friend did not sympathize with the peasant, who had been plundered of his wine and brandy, so



much as he censured the Prussians for leaving none for their faithful allies.

“O noble thirst! — yet greedy to drink all.”

In the meanwhile it is no great derogation from the discipline of the English army to remark, that some old school-boy practices were not forgotten; and that, where there occurred a halt, and fruit-trees chanced to be in the vicinity, they were instantly loaded like the emblematic tree in the frontispiece of Lily's grammar, only with soldiers instead of scholars; and surrounded by their wives, who held their aprons to receive the fruit, instead of satchels, as in the emblem chosen by that learned grammarian. There were no signs of license of a graver character.

In the midst of these scenes of war and invasion, the regulations of the post establishment, which, as is well known, is in France entirely in the charge of the government and their commissaries or lessees, were supported and respected. A proclamation in four different languages, French, German, English, and Prussian, and signed by four generals of the different countries, was stuck up in every post-house. This polyglot forbade all officers and soldiers, whether belonging to the King of France, or to the allies, from pressing the horses, or otherwise interfering with



the usual communication of Paris with the provinces. The post-houses were accordingly inhabited and protected amid the general desolation of the country, and we experienced no interruption on our journey.

While the villages and hamlets exhibited such scenes as I have described, the towns appeared to have suffered less upon this awful crisis, because the soldiers were there under the eye of their officers, and in each garrison-town a military commandant had been named for the maintenance of discipline. Some were indeed reeking from recent storm, or showed half-burnt ruins, which had been made by bombardment within a week or two preceding our arrival. Cambray had been carried by escalade by a bold coup-de-main, of which we saw the vestiges. The citizens, who were chiefly royalists, favoured the attack; and a part of the storming party entered by means of a stair-case contained in an old turret, which terminated in a sally-port opening to the ditch, and above in a wicket communicating with the rampart. This pass was pointed out to them by the towns-people. The defenders were a part of the National Guard, whom Buonaparte had removed from the district to which they belonged, and stationed as a garrison in Cambray. The garrison of Peronne, formerly called *Peronne la Pucelle*, or the



Virgin Fortress, because it had never been taken, were military of the same amphibious description with those of Cambray. The town is strongly situated on the Somme, surrounded by flat ground and marshes, and presents a formidable exterior. But this, as well as the other fortresses on the iron-bound frontier of Flanders, was indifferently provided with means of resistance. Buonaparte in this particular, as in others, had shewn a determination to venture his fortunes upon a single chance of war, since he had made no adequate provision for a protracted defence of the country when invaded. It was one instance of the inexperience of the garrison of Peronne, that they omitted to blindfold the British officer who came to summon them to surrender. An officer of engineers, of high rank and experience, had been called to this mission, and doubtless did not leave unemployed the eyes which the besieged, contrary to custom in such cases, left at liberty. Upon his return he reported the possibility of carrying a horn-work which covers a suburb on the left side of the river. The attempt was instantly made, and being in all respects successful, was followed by the surrender of the garrison, upon the lenient conditions of laying down their arms, and returning to the ordinary civil occupations from which Buonaparte's mandate had withdrawn them. So easy



had been these achievements, that the officers concerned in them would hardly be prevailed upon to condescend to explain such trifling particulars. Yet to me, who looked upon ramparts a little injured indeed by time, but still strong, upon ditches, containing twelve feet deep of water, and a high glacis surmounting them, upon pallisades constructed out of the trees which had been felled to clear the esplanade around the fortifications, — the task of surmounting such obstacles, even though not defended at all, seemed a grave and serious undertaking. In all these towns, so far as I could discover, the feeling of the people was decidedly in favour of the legitimate monarch; and I cannot doubt that this impression is correct, because elsewhere, and in similar circumstances, those who favoured Buonaparte were at no pains to suppress their inclinations. In one or two towns they were preparing little fetes to celebrate the king's restoration. The accompaniments did not appear to us very splendid; but when a town has been so lately taken by storm, and is still garrisoned by foreign troops and subjected to military requisitions, we could not expect that the rejoicings of its inhabitants should be attended with any superfluity of splendour.

Meanwhile we advanced through this new and bewildering scene of war and waste, with the



comfortable consciousness that we belonged to the stronger party. The British drums and bugle-horns sung us to bed every night, and played our reveillée in the morning; for in all the fortified towns through which we passed, there were British troops and a British commandant, from more than one of whom we experienced attention and civility.

When we reached Pont de St Maxence, which had been recently the scene of an engagement between the Prussians and French, we found more marked signs of hostile devastation than in any place through which we had yet travelled. It is a good large market-town, with a very fine bridge over the Oise, an arch of which had been recently destroyed, and repaired in a temporary manner. The purpose had probably been to defend the passage; and as the river is deep, and the opposite bank is high and covered with wood, besides having several buildings approaching to the bridge, I presume it might have been made a very strong position. It had been forced, however, by the Prussians, in what manner we found no one to tell us. Several houses in this town had been burnt, and most of them seemed to have been pillaged. The cause was evident from the number of embrasures and loop-holes for musketry which were struck out in the houses and garden walls. The attempt to make a village



into a place of defence is almost always fatal to the household gods, since it is likely to be burnt by one or other of the parties, and certain to be plundered by both. Military gentlemen look upon this with a very different eye; for I have been diverted to hear some of them, who have given me the honour of their company in my little excursions from Paris, censure a gentleman or farmer with great gravity for having built his house and stationed his court of offices in a hollow, where they were overlooked and commanded; whereas, by placing the buildings a little higher on the ridge, or more towards right or left, they might, in case of need, have acquired the dignity of being the *key* of a strong position, and, in all probability, have paid for their importance by sharing the fate of Hougoumont.

We were informed at St Maxence that the hand of war had been laid yet more heavily upon the neighbouring town of Sénlis, through which lay our direct route to Paris, and near which an action had taken place betwixt a part of Blucher's army and that of Grouchy and Vandamme, which, falling back to cover the French capital after the battle of Waterloo, had accomplished a retreat that placed those who commanded it very high in public estimation. We felt no curiosity to see any more of the woes of war, and readily complied with a proposal of



our postillions to exchange the route of Sénlis for that of Chantilly, to which they undertook to carry us by a cross-road through the forest. *Le beau chemin par terre*, or fine green-sward road, which they had urged as so superior to the public causeway, had unfortunately not possessed the same power of resisting the tear and wear of cavalry, artillery, and baggage-waggon. It was reduced to a sort of continued wet ditch, varying in depth in a most irregular manner, and through which the four stallions that drew us kicked, plunged, snorted, and screamed, in full concert with the eternal smack of the whips, as well as shrieks, whoops, and oaths of the jack-booted postillions, lugging about our little barouche in a manner that threatened its demolition at every instant. The French postillions, however, who, with the most miserable appliances and means, usually drive very well, contrived, by dint of quartering and tugging, to drag us safe through roads where a Yorkshire post-boy would have been reduced to despair, even though his horses had not been harnessed with ropes, fastened together by running nooses.

The forest of Chantilly was probably magnificent when it was the chase of the princely family of Condé; but all the valuable timber trees have been felled, and those which now remain appear, generally speaking, to be about twenty



years old only, and consist chiefly of birch, and other inferior timber used for fire-wood. Those who acquired the domains of the emigrants after the Revolution were generally speculating adventurers, who were eager to secure what they could make of the subject in the way of ready money, by cutting timber and selling materials of houses, partly in order to secure the means of paying the price, and partly because prudence exacted that they should lose no time in drawing profit from a bargain, of which the security seemed rather precarious.

The town and palace of Chantilly, rendered classical by the name of the great Prince of Condé, afforded us ample room for interesting reflection. The town itself is pleasant, and has some good houses agreeably situated. But in the present state of internal convulsion, almost all the windows of the houses of the better class were closed, and secured by outer shutters. We were told this was to protect them against the Prussians, with whom the town was crowded. These soldiers were very young lads, chiefly *Landwehr*, or militia, and seemed all frolicksome, and no doubt mischievous youths. But, so far as I could see, there was no ill nature, much less atrocity, in their behaviour, which was rather that of riotous school boys of the higher form. They possessed themselves of the jack-boots of our



postillions, and seemed to find great entertainment in stumping up and down the inn-yard in these formidable accoutrements, the size and solidity of which have been in no degree diminished since the days of Yorrick and La Fleur. But our Prussian hussars were seen to still greater advantage in the superb stables of Chantilly, which have escaped the fury that levelled its palace. The huge and stately vault, which pride, rather than an attention to utility, had constructed for the stud of the Prince of Condé, is forty feet high, two hundred yards in length, and upwards of thirty-six feet in width. This magnificent apartment, the enormity of whose proportions seemed better calculated for the steeds of the King of Brobdignag than for Houyhnhnms of the ordinary size, had once been divided into suitable ranges of stalls, but these have been long demolished. In the centre arises a magnificent dome, sixty feet in diameter and ninety feet in height; and in a sort of recess beneath the dome, and fronting the principal entrance, is a superb fountain, falling into a huge cell, and dashing over its sides into a large reservoir, highly ornamented with architectural decorations. This fountain, which might grace the court of a palace, was designed for the ordinary supply of the stable. The scale of imposing magnificence upon which this building was calculated, although



at war with common sense and the fitness of things, must, in its original state of exact order and repair, have impressed the mind with high ideas of the power and consequence of the prince by whom it was planned and executed, and whose name (Louis Henry de Bourbon, seventh Prince of Condé) stands yet recorded in an inscription, which, supported by two mutilated genii, is displayed, above the fountain. But what would have been the mortification of that founder could he have witnessed, as we did, the spacious range with all its ornaments broken down and defaced, as if in studied insult; while its high and echoing vault rang to the shouts, screams, and gambols of a hundred or two of the dirtiest hussars and lancers that ever came off a march, to whose clamours the shrill cries of their half-starved and miserable horses added a wild but appropriate accompaniment. Yet whatever his feelings might have been to witness such pollution, they would have been inferior to those with which his ancestor, the Great Condé, would have heard that the Sarmatian partizans who occupied Chantilly formed part of an invading army, which had marched, almost without opposition, from the frontiers to the capital, and now held in their disposal the fates of the house of Bourbon and of the kingdom of France.

The old domestic of the family, who guided



me through these remains of decayed magnificence, cast many a grieved and mortified glance upon the irreverent and mischievous soldiers as they aimed the butts of their lances at the remaining pieces of sculpture, or amused themselves by mimicking his own formal address and manner. *« Ah les barbares! les barbares! »* — I could not refuse assent to this epithet, which he confided to my ear in a cautious whisper, accompanied with a suitable shrug of the shoulders; but I endeavoured to qualify it with another train of reflections: — *« Et pourtant, mon ami, si ce n'étoit pas ces gens-là! »* — *« Ah oui, Monsieur, sans eux nous n'aurions peut-être jamais revu notre bon Duc — Assurément c'est un revenant bon — mais aussi, il faut avouer qu'il est revenu en assez mauvaise compagnie! »*

At some distance from these magnificent stables, of which (as frequently happens) the exterior does more honour to the architect's taste than the inside to his judgment, are the melancholy remains of the palace of the Prince of Condé, where the spectator can no longer obey the exhortation of the poet, —

*« Dans sa pompe élégante, admirez Chantilly,  
De héros en héros, d'âge en âge embelli. »*

The splendid chateau once corresponded in magnificence with the superb offices which we



had visited, but now its vestiges alone remain, a mass of neglected ruins amid the broad lake and canals which had been constructed for its ornament and defence. This beautiful palace was destroyed by the revolutionary mob of Paris early in the civil commotions. The materials, with the lead, iron, carpenter work, etc. were piled up, by those who appropriated them, in what was called Le petit Chateau, a smaller edifice annexed to the principal palace, and communicating with it by a causeway. Thus the small chateau was saved from demolition, though not from pillage. Chantilly and its demesnes were sold as national property, but the purchasers having failed to pay the price, it reverted to the public, so that the king, upon his restoration, had no difficulty in reinstating the Duke of Bourbon. The lesser chateau has been lately refitted in a hasty and simple style, for the reception of the legitimate proprietor; but the style of the repairs makes an unavoidable and mortifying contrast with the splendour of the original decorations. Rich embossed ceilings and carved wainscot are coarsely daubed over with white-wash and size-paint, with which the remains of the original gilding and sculpture form a melancholy association. The frames alone remained of those numerous and huge mirrors,



— “in which he of Gath,  
 Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk  
 Whole without stooping, towering crest and  
 all.”

But the French artizans, with that lack of all feeling of *convenance*, or propriety, which has well been described as a principal deficiency in their national character, have endeavoured to make fine things out of the frames themselves, by occupying the room of the superb plates of glass with paltry sheets of blue paper, patched over with gilded *fleurs-de-lis*, an expedient the pitiful effect of which may be easily conceived. If I understood my guide rightly, however, this work ought not to be severely criticised, being the free-will offering of the inhabitants of Chantilly, who had struggled, in the best manner their funds and taste would admit, to restore the chateau to something like an habitable condition when it was again to be possessed by its legitimate owner. This is the more likely, as the furniture of the duke's own apartment is plain, simple, and in good taste. He seems popular among the inhabitants, who, the day preceding our arrival, had, under all the unfavourable circumstances of their situation, made a little fete to congratulate him upon his restoration, and to hail the white flag, which now once more floated from



the dome of the offices, anouncing the second restoration of the Bourbons.

Beside the little chateau are the vestiges of what was once the principal palace, and which, as such, might well have accommodated the proudest monarch in the world. It was situated on a rock, and surrounded by profound and broad ditches of the purest water, built in a style of the richest Gothic architecture, and containing within its precincts every accommodation which pomp or luxury could desire. The demolition has been so complete that little remains excepting the vaults from which the castle arose, and a ruinous flight of double steps, by which visitors formerly gained the principal entrance. The extent, number, and intricacy of the subterranean vaults were such as to afford a retreat for robbers and banditti, for which reason the entrances have been built up by order of the police. The chateau, when in its splendour, communicated with a magnificent theatre, with an orangery and greenhouse of the first order, and was surrounded by a number of separate parterres, or islands, decorated with statuary, with *jets d'eau*, with columns, and with vases, forming a perspective of the richest architectural magnificence. All is now destroyed, and the stranger only learns, from the sorrowful tale of his guide, that the wasted and desolated patches of ground intersected



by the canals, once bore, and deserved, the names of the Gallery of Vases, the Parterre of the Orangerie, and the Island of Love. Such and so sudden is the downfall of the proudest efforts of human magnificence. Let us console ourselves, my dear friend, while we look from the bartizan of the old mansion upon the lake, and its corresponding barrier of mountains, that the beauties with which Nature herself has graced our country are more imperishable than those with which the wealth and power of the house of Bourbon once decorated the abode of Chantilly.

I may add, that the neighbourhood of Chantilly exhibits more picturesque beauty than I had yet remarked in France.

PAUL.



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**LETTER XII.****PAUL TO HIS SISTER.**

**Y**OUR question, my dear sister, What do I think of Paris? corresponds in comprehensive extent with your desire that I would send you a full and perfect description of that celebrated capital; but were I to reside here all my life, instead of a few weeks, I am uncertain whether I could distinctly comply with either request. There is so much in Paris to admire, and so much to dislike, such a mixture of real taste and genius, with so much frippery and affectation, the sublime is so oddly mingled with the ridiculous, and the pleasing with the fantastic and whimsical, that I shall probably leave the capital of France without being able to determine which train of ideas it has most frequently excited in my mind. One point is, however, certain; — that, of all capitals, that of France affords most



numerous objects of curiosity, accessible in the easiest manner; and it may be therefore safely pronounced one of the most entertaining places of residence which can be chosen by an idle man. As for attempting a description of it, that, you know, is far beyond the limits of our compact, which you must have quite forgotten when you hinted at such a proposal. The following sketch may not, however, be uninteresting.

If we confine our observation to one quarter of Paris only, that, namely, which is adjacent to the Royal Palace, I presume there is no capital which can show so many and such magnificent public edifices within the same space of ground. The Tuilleries, whose immense extent makes amends for the deficiencies of the architecture, communicate with the royal gardens, which are used as public walks, and these again open into the Place de Louis Quinze, a large octagon, guarded by a handsome balustrade, richly ornamented at the angles, having, on the one hand, the royal gardens with the range of the palace, on the other the Champs Elysées, a large space of ground, planted and laid out in regular walks like those of Hyde-Park. Behind is the extensive colonnade of a palace, called by Buonaparte the Temple of Victory, and since the Restoration the Temple of Concord. Another large and half-finished temple was rising in the



front by the command of Buonaparte, which was dedicated to the honour of soldiers who had died in battle. The building was to have been consolidated solely by the weight of the massive stones made use of, and neither wood, iron, or lime, was to be employed in its construction; but schemes of ambition as ill-cemented interrupted its progress. A line of buildings extend on either hand, forming a magnificent street, called La Rue Rivoli, which runs parallel with the iron palisade of the garden of the Tuilleries.

It was on the second night after my arrival in Paris, that, finding myself rather too early for an evening party to which I was invited, I strolled out, enjoying the pure and delicious air of a summer night in France, until I found myself in the centre of the Place de Louis Quinze, surrounded, as I have described it, by objects so noble in themselves, and so powerfully associated with deep historic and moral interest. «And here I am at length in Paris,” was the natural reflection, «and under circumstances how different from what I dared to have anticipated! That is the palace of Louis le Grand; but how long have his descendants been banished from its halls, and under what auspices do they now again possess them! This superb esplanade takes its name from his luxurious and feeble descendant; and here, upon the very spot where I now



stand, the most virtuous of the Bourbon race expiated, by a violent death inflicted by his own subjects, and in view of his own palace, the ambition and follies of his predecessors. There is an awful solemnity in the reflection, how few of those who contributed to this deed of injustice and atrocity now look upon the light, and behold the progress of retribution. The glimmering lights that shine among the alleys and parterres of the Champs Elysées, indicate none of the usual vigils common in a metropolis. They are the watch-fires of a camp, of an English camp, and in the capital of France, where an English drum has not been heard since 1436, when the troops of Henry the Sixth were expelled from Paris. During that space, of nearly four centuries, there has scarce occurred a single crisis which rendered it probable for a moment that Paris should be again entered by the English as conquerors; but least of all could such a consummation have been expected at the conclusion of a war, in which France so long predominated as arbitress of the continent, and which had periods when Britain seemed to continue the conflict only in honourable despair."

There were other subjects of deep interest around me. The lights which proceeded from the windows and from the gardens of the large hotel occupied by the Duke of Wellington, at



the corner of the Rue des Champs Elysées, and which chanced that evening to be illuminated in honour of a visit from the allied sovereigns, mingled with the twinkle of the camp-fires, and the glimmer of the tents; and the music, which played a variety of English and Scottish airs, harmonized with the distant roll of the drums, and the notes of that beautiful point of war which is performed by our bugles at the setting of the watch. In these sounds there was pride and victory and honour, some portion of which descended (in imagination at least) to each, the most retired and humblest fellow-subject of the hero who led, and the soldiers who obeyed, in the achievements which had borne the colours of Britain into the capital of France. But there was enough around me to temper the natural feelings of elation, which, as a Briton, I could not but experience. Monuments rose on every side, designed to commemorate mighty actions, which may well claim the highest praise that military achievement alone, abstracted from the cause in which it was accomplished, could be entitled to. From the centre of the Place Vendôme, and above the houses of the Rue Rivoli, was seen the summit of the celebrated column which Buonaparte had constructed upon the plan of that of Trajan; the cannon taken at Ulm and Austerlitz affording the materials of its exterior,



and which is embossed with a detailed representation of the calamities and subjection of Austria. At no great distance lay the Bridge of Jena, an epithet which recalls the almost total annihilation of the kingdom of Prussia. In the front of the Tuilleries are placed, on a triumphal arch, the Venetian Horses, the trophies of the subjugation of Italy, and in the neighbouring Louvre are deposited the precious spoils of victories gained and abused in every country of Europe, forming the most resistless evidence, that the hand which placed them there had once at its arbitrary disposal the fortunes of the civilized world. No building among the splendid monuments of Paris, but is marked with the name, or device, or insignia, of an emperor, whose power seemed as deeply founded as it was widely extended. Yet the gourd of the prophet, which came up in a night and perished in a night, has proved the type of authority so absolute, and of fame so diffused; and the possessor of this mighty power is now the inhabitant of a distant and sequestered islet, with hardly so much free-will as entitles him to claim from his warders an hour of solitude, even in the most solitary spot in the civilized world. The moral question presses on every bosom, Was it worth while for him to have climbed so high to render his fall the deeper, or would the meanest of us purchase the



feverish feelings of gratified ambition, at the expence of his reflections, who appeared to hold Fortune chained to his footstool? Could the fable of the Seven Sleepers have been realized in Paris, what a scene of astonishment would have been prepared for those who, falling asleep in 1813, awakened from their torpor at the present moment! He who had seen the pope place the crown upon the head of Napoleon, and the proud house of Austria compelled to embrace his alliance, Prussia bent to the dust beneath his footstool, England excluded from each continental connection of commerce or alliance, Russia overawed and submissive, while Italy, Germany, and the greater part of Spain, were divided as appanages among his brothers and allies, — what would have been the surprise of the waking moment which should have shown him the Prussian cannon turned upon the bridges of Paris, and the sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, with the representatives of almost all the other nations of Europe, feasting in the capital of France with the general and minister of England, supported by a force which made resistance equally frantic and hopeless! The revolution of ages must have appeared to him to have been accomplished within the space of little more than twenty-four months.

From this slight sketch, you may have some



general idea of the magnificence of that quarter of Paris which adjoins to the Tuilleries, crowded as it is with palaces, public monuments, and public buildings, and comprehending in its circuit ornamented gardens and extended walks, open to the inhabitants for exercise or pleasure. I ought also to describe to you the front of the palace itself, a splendid range of buildings, corresponding with the Louvre, another immense royal mansion, from which the Tuilleries is only divided by the superb square, called La Place du Carousel. The only screen betwixt this square and the court of the Tuilleries, is a magnificent railing of wrought iron, which gives freedom to the eye, not only to survey the extended front of the chateau, but to penetrate through the central vestibule of the palace into the gardens beyond, and as far as the Champs Elysées. In the centre of this screen the public have admittance to the court-yard of the palace, beneath a triumphal arch, which Buonaparte erected in imitation of that of Septimius Severus. The effect of this monument seems diminutive when compared to the buildings around; the columns, made of a mixed red and white marble, are rather gaudy, and the four celebrated Venetian horses, formed of Corinthian brass, which occupy the top of the arch, have been injudiciously harnessed with gilded trappings to a gilded car,



driven by a gilded Victory. It is said Buonaparte intended to have placed his own figure in the car; but it came to his ears (for he was self-tormentor enough to enquire after such matters) that the disaffected had hailed it, as likely to afford a good opportunity for calling him mountebank with impunity, since, while they should point to the chariot, the epithet *Le Charlatan* might easily be substituted for *Le Char le tient*. Thus a threatened pun saved Napoleon's image one descent at least, by preventing its temporary elevation; and it also saved the French taste the disgrace of adding another incongruity to the gilded car, harness, and driver. This monument is now undergoing considerable alterations. The Austrians are busy in exchanging for plain slabs of marble, the tablatures placed around the arch: The sculptures almost all relate to the humiliation of the Emperor of Austria, there represented cap in hand before Buonaparte, who appears covered and in an authoritative posture. The French rebelled against the mutilation of this monument at its commencement, and attempted something like a riot, but were instantly called to order by a strong Prussian guard. The work now goes on quietly, and not without some respect to the feelings of the Parisians; for there are blinds of wood put up before the scaffolding, to save their



eyes the mortification of seeing its progress. It is not doubted that the horses themselves will be removed in due time.\*

In the meanwhile the statue of Buonaparte, which was last year taken down from the pillar in the Place Vendome, is said to have experienced an odd transition. It had been exchanged for a certain number of busts and small figures of Louis XVIII., just as a large piece of coin of one reign is given for an equivalent in the small money of another. The figure of the abdicated emperor for some time found refuge in the yard of an artist, by whom it has since been sold to an Englishman. The purchase is believed to be made in behalf of the Duke of Wellington; in which case the statue will be a striking ornament to the palace destined by national gratitude as an acknowledgment at least of the debt, which even the wealth and generosity of Britain cannot pay in full.

To return to the works of Buonaparte. It cannot be denied that he showed great ability and dexterity in availing himself of that taste for

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\* This removal has since taken place. See a very lively account of the circumstance, and its effect upon the feelings of the Parisians, in Mr John Scott's "Paris Revisited."



national display, which is a leading feature of the French character. Yet this was, at least, as much evinced in the address with which he adopted and carried through the half-accomplished plans of Louis XIV. and his successors, as in any work of original genius which can be decidedly traced to his own design. The triumphal arch, and the pillar in the Place Vendome, are literal, almost servile, imitations of the column of Trajan and the arch of Severus. But the splendid extension of the Louvre, by the combination of that striking pile with the Tuilleries, upon the side which had been left unfinished, although the work of Buonaparte, and bearing his name, is, in fact, only a completion of the original design of Louis XIV. One original plan Napoleon may indeed claim as his own — the project, namely, of erecting a stupendous bronze figure of an elephant upon the scite of the Bastile. The sort of castle, or Howdar, with which this monstrous statue was to have been accoutred, was designed for a reservoir, the water of which, being discharged through the trunk into a large cistern, or fountain, surrounding the pedestal on which the animal was placed, was to supply with water all that quarter of Paris. The model of this gigantic grotesque is exhibited in stucco near the place which it was designed to have occupied; and such is the deference of the present govern-



ment for the feelings of *la gloire nationale*, that they have not yet ventured to avow, that, in a time of national poverty and distress, they mean to dispense with erecting a monument, which, after being accomplished at immense expence, must appear *bizarre* and fanciful, rather than grand and impressive. In the meanwhile they are, in justice to the ancestors of the present king, reclaiming for the Bourbons those public buildings, which, by inscriptions and emblems, Napoleon had consecrated to his own dynasty. N.'s are every where disappearing, or undergoing a conversion into H.'s and B.'s, an operation in which the royal stone-cutters are as much called upon to exert their dexterity as the poor sign-painters in Roye, Peronne, and Cambray. They have, indeed, the same benefit of experience, having, not very long ago, accomplished the counterpart of the metamorphosis. Such are the minute and ridiculous consequences which indicate a change of government, as much as the motion of straws, twigs, and withered leaves upon the surface, indicates the progress and subsiding of a torrent.

On the whole, it must be acknowledged, that Buonaparte, though unscrupulous in appropriating the merit of his predecessors, bent an earnest and active attention to perfecting whatever grand or magnificent plans they had left uncompleted,



thus establishing his own reputation as heir of the monarchy, as well as of the revolution. His ambition to distinguish himself sometimes soared beyond popular prejudice, and hurried him into extravagancies of expence, which the Parisians seem in general to deem unnecessary. Such is the plan of his *Rue de l'Empereur*, now *Rue de la Paix*, a fine street, running from the Place Vendome to the Boulevards des Capucines, which not only boasts a breadth corresponding to the magnificence of the buildings, but is actually accommodated with *two gutters*, one on each side, instead of that single kennel in the centre, where the filth floats or stagnates in all the other streets of Paris. But even the Emperor Napoleon, in the height of his dignity, dared not introduce the farther novelty of a pavement on each side. This would be, indeed, to have destroyed that equality between horse and foot, walkers, drivers, and driven, which appears to give such delight to a Parisian, that, if you extol to him the safe pavements and foot-paths of an English street, or road, he will answer with polite composure — “*C'est très bien pour Messieurs les Anglois — pour moi, j'aime la totalité de la rue.*” Good phrases, saith Justice Shallow, are and ever must be recommended; and this, of *la totalité de la rue*, reconciles a Parisian walker to all the inconveniences of being ridden down



or driven over. But the privilege of *totality* by no means reconciles the aged, the timid, the infirm, not to mention females and children, to the accidents to which they are exposed. At present these are multiplied by the numerous accession of strangers, all of whom drive in their own way, and give their own mode of warning, which the pedestrian must construe rightly upon his own peril. Here he hears the *Hey! hey!* of a member of the English Four-in-hand Club; there he is called to attention by the *Gare! Gare!* of a Parisian petit maitre, or a German Freyherr; and having escaped all these hairbreadth risks, he may be ridden down at the next turning by a *drosky*, the driver of which, a venerable Russian charioteer, with a long beard flowing down to his girdle, pushes right on to his destined course with the most unperturbed apathy, without giving passengers warning of any kind to shift for themselves.

The risk, however, to pedestrians, does not form my only objection to the French metropolis, abstracted always from those splendid streets which belong to the quarter of the Tuileries. The rest of Paris, excepting the *Boulevards*, a peculiar sort of open suburb by which it is surrounded, is traversed by narrow streets, which divide buildings dark, high, and gloomy, the lower windows grated with projecting iron



rails of the most massive description, and the houses belonging to persons of importance opening by what is called a *port cochere*, or carriage-entrance, into courts which intervene between them and the street. By thus sequestering their mansions, the great do indeed deprive the shopkeeper, or roturier, who lives opposite, of the powers of looking upon the windows of his neighbour the duke, count, or marquis. Nevertheless, mansions constructed upon this unsocial and aristocratic plan, by which the splendour of the habitations of the noble and wealthy is reserved and veiled, as too dazzling and precious to form a part of the public street, cannot contribute to the general beauty of the city in which they are placed. I do not, however, mean to say that the other quarters of Paris, though gloomy, dark, and traversed chiefly by these narrow and perilous passes, are devoid of a strong and peculiar interest. On the contrary, the constant appearance of public edifices distinguished in history, of Gothic churches and halls, of squares and *places*, surrounded by stately buildings, perpetually, even in the most disagreeable quarters of Paris, reminds us that we are in a capital early distinguished for arts and arms, and where even the rudeness and inconvenience of many streets, joined to the solid, massive, and antique structures to which they



give access, argue at once early importance and ancient dignity.

It appears a remarkable peculiarity to a British eye, when Paris is viewed from a distance, that over buildings so closely piled together, there arises not that thick and dense cloud of smoke which sometimes graces and dignifies, but more frequently deforms, a view of London, or any other large town in our island. This is owing to the Parisians using wood for fuel, and that frequently in the shape of charcoal, but always sparingly, and in stoves, instead of our sea-coal burnt in open chimnies. Seen from the heights of Montmartre, or the dome of St Genevieve, Paris exhibits a distinct mass of houses, steeples, and towers, unclouded, but also unsoftened, by the dusky canopy which hangs over a British city. My Parisian friends laughed heartily, and, on the whole, deservedly, at my regretting the absence of this dusky accompaniment, which does nevertheless add a shadowy importance, and even a softness, to the landscape, or, admitting associations, and pleading on those to which we are accustomed, gives an assurance of business and life to what, without such an indication of living bustle, seems not unlike the appearance of the town in the Arabian tale, whose inhabitants had been all petrified. I own this is a prejudiced feeling, and do not contest the right



which a Frenchman has to associate with the cloud that overhangs our metropolis, all that is disgusting, and perhaps unhealthy, in the gross evaporation of our coarser fuel.

The Seine is usually appealed to by the Parisians as the principal beauty of their city, and it is at least one of its greatest conveniences. But Lord Chesterfield furnished an answer to the proud question, whether England could show the like — “Yes — and we call it Fleet-ditch.” This gasconade is like that of the French veteran lecturing upon invasion, who spits upon the ground, and says to his audience, “*Voilà la Tamise*,” — a hyperbole which may be excused from ignorance, as no French soldier has happened to see the Thames for many a century, excepting as a guest or a prisoner in England. But, laying jests aside, the Seine is far from having the majestic appearance of the Thames, being diminutive both in depth and breadth, and strait-waistcoated by a range of ungraceful quays, a greater deformity than those of London, because rendered conspicuous by the narrowness of the stream. The river being divided also at two intervals by small islands, completely occupied by buildings, we are induced to entertain a contemptuous opinion of the Seine, as completely subjugated and tyrannized over by the despotic authority of human art. Several of the



walks along its side are nevertheless most interesting, particularly the Quai de Voltaire, from which the passenger views the superb and long extent of colonnade belonging to the Louvre, while farther down the river are seen the gardens of the Tuilleries and the trees of Les Champs Elysées.

The finest views of Paris are to be seen from the heights of Montmartre, which rise as close behind the city as the Calton-hill in respect to Edinburgh, and from some of the steeples, particularly that of St Genevieve, a magnificent new church of Grecian architecture, originally dedicated to the titular saint of Paris; next polluted by the appellation of the Temple of Reason; then solemnly entitled the Pantheon, because it was to be the place for depositing the bodies of departed sages and patriots; and lastly restored by Buonaparte to the character of a Christian church, without taking away its destination as a general mausoleum for departed worth. The honours, however, of those who received this distinction, were not always permanent. There was no "snug lying in the abbey." Several of those revolutionary chiefs whose remains the faction of the day had installed in this sanctuary, were torn from thence shortly afterwards, and thrown, like the corpse of Sejanus, into the common sewer of the city. The bodies of other



heroes of the day have been withdrawn in secret, lest they should suffer the same fate. In some instances the temporary tenant of the tomb was dispossessed, and made to give way to a popular character of more recent celebrity. Thus the corpse of Mirabeau was removed from the Pantheon to make room for that of Marat; on which occasion one of the family of the former returned thanks to heaven for an expulsion, which, as he expressed himself, «re-established the honour of his house.” The corpse of the villain Marat, after having had at least the honour of one bloody sacrifice, in the trial and execution of a man who had afforded an insult to his temporary monument, was soon after, 28th July, 1793, dragged from the church, and thrown into the common-sewer of the Rue de Montmartre. At length, weary or ashamed of their own versatility, the National Convention, in the year 1795, decreed that no citizen should receive the honours of the Pantheon until ten years after his death; a decree which amounted almost to an universal sentence of exclusion, in a country where the present occupies solely the attention of the public. Of all those to whom the various legislative bodies of France decreed this post-humous distinction, there have only remained in the Pantheon the tombs of two authors, Voltaire and Rousseau. The remains of these distinguished literary cha-



racters were deposited here, during the early fervour of the Revolution, with shouts, and with hymns, and with tears, and with transports of that universal philanthropy, which shortly afterwards made its real character evident to the world. A painted wooden sarcophagus, much like a deal packing-box in form and materials, is laid above the grave of each, with a mouldering inscription expressive of what the Legislative Assembly intended to do for the honour of the philosophers whose talents illumined the 18th century. But the rotten board on which their decrees are registered, frail as it is, has proved a record more permanent than the power that placed it there. The monuments of despotism are more durable than those of anarchy; and accordingly some of Buonaparte's generals and senators are buried in the Pantheon, and, though men of inferior note, have been suffered to enjoy in quiet that repose which even the tomb could not secure for the republican demagogues.

In visiting this church, or temple, I was entertained by the dry answer of an Englishman, who had followed us up to the dome without the observation of the sexton. Our guide seemed a little hurt at the stranger's presumption, and from time to time addressed to him a few words of reprehension, stating the risk he run of being bewildered in the vaults, and perhaps shut up



there. As I perceived my countryman did not understand in what he had given offence, I explained to him the sexton's remonstrance. "Tell him," answered the stranger, with great gravity, "that if the misfortune he threatens had really befallen me, I would have had only to call out *Sixpence*, and all Paris would have come to my rescue." With deference, however, to this honest specimen of John Bull, the access of the public to what is worthy of notice in Paris is much less frequently impeded by a functionary stretching forth his hand for a fee than is the case in London; and when we recollect the mode in which the various departments of St Paul's and Westminster Abbey are secured by a dozen of petty turnpikes and tax-gatherers, we may judge more fairly of the sexton of St Genevieve.

The liberality of the French nation, in affording every possible means to the public of enjoying the collections of curiosities, or of scientific objects, made for their behalf, instead of rendering them sources of profit to some obscure pensioner, pervades all their establishments; and strangers, for whose use and convenience even greater facilities are afforded than are given to the natives, are called upon to acknowledge it with gratitude. If there be in this open display of the treasures which they



possess some traces of national pride, it is in this case an honest and fair pride, and those who derive so much benefit from its effects ought to be the last to question its motive. One or two of these objects of curiosity I shall briefly notice in my next letter, not with the purpose of giving a regular description of them, but to mark, if I can, by a few characteristic strokes, the peculiarities which attracted my own attention.

Adieu; I rest ever your affectionate

PAUL.



## LETTER XIII.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I HAVE already said, my dear sister, that of all capitals in the world, Paris must afford the most delightful residence to a mere literary lounge; and if we add, that his fortune is limited (as is usually the case with such a character,) it will suit him, after a little experience, as well in point of economy as of taste. The *Jardin des Plantes*, the National Library, the Collection of French Monuments, the National Institute, above all the Grand Museum in the Louvre, are gratuitously opened to his inspection and use, while theatres, and public amusements of various kinds, in the evening, may be frequented for little expence.

I know that nothing in Paris would delight you more than the *Jardin des Plantes*. This grand botanical garden, of several acres extent, richly stocked with the most varied and curious



productions of the vegetable world, is equally interesting to the scientific student, and to the idler, who seeks only for shaded walks and interesting and beautiful points of view. The variety of the ground, the disposition of the trees, and the neighbourhood of the Seine, afford the last in considerable variety; while the shade, so grateful in this warm climate, is secured by many a long alley and avenue. The establishment is maintained entirely at the expence of the public. The learned in physics may there have the advantage of a chemical laboratory, of lectures upon botany and natural history by men of approved science, of an anatomical collection, and a valuable library, composed of works relative to natural history. There is also a menagerie upon a great scale of splendour, as well as of comfort to the animals with which it is tenanted. Those which are of a dangerous description are properly secured, but still with due attention to their habits and convenience. The bears, for example, inhabit subterranean residences, each of which opens into a sunk area, of depth enough to prevent escape, but of such extent that Bruin may repose himself, or take exercise, at his pleasure. I seldom pass this place without seeing some of the Prussian or Russian soldiers engaged in talking to and feeding the bears, whom, in this southern clime, they probably regard as a



kind of countrymen. The elephant, a most magnificent animal of the kind, has, as befits his good sense and civilized behaviour, a small paddock around his cabin, secured from the public by a strong palisade. He had a mate some years ago, but is now a widower; very good humoured, however, and familiar with the passengers. Gentler animals, such as the varieties of the deer species, are allowed space in proportion to their size; and it is only the fiercer tribes of Africa and Asia, lions, tigers, and leopards, which are committed to strict confinement. These also are kept clean, and made as comfortable as circumstances will permit; and on the whole, it is impossible to conceive an institution of the kind managed with more respect to the feelings and convenience of the creatures contained in it. If a stranger is curious to know the names of the various animals, there is always some Frenchman near, who, either merely to do the honours to Monsieur l'Etranger, or at most for *quelque chose pour boire*, walks with you through the collection, and displays at once his eloquence, and that sort of information which is frequently found among the Parisians, even of the lower orders. To me, who am no naturalist, such a guide seems often as interesting a specimen as any in the collection. The contrast of his meagre looks and tattered



dress, with the air of patronage which he assumes towards the stranger under his charge; his pompous encomiums on the objects he exhibits; his grave injunctions not to approach too near the grates of the more dangerous quadrupeds; the importance with which he gives the scientific appellation of each animal, condescendingly adding that which is in more vulgar use; and the polite gratitude of his "*Monsieur est très honnête*," when he pockets his little gratuity, and puts on the *schakos*, which he has hitherto held in his hand for the sake of aiding his eloquence, — all these points brought together give a character of the lower rank not to be met with out of France, and rarely out of Paris.

The antiquary who visits Paris must be deeply interested by a visit to the Museum des Monumens Français, assembled by Mons. Le Noir in the church, convent, and gardens of Les petits Augustins. This collection proved a sort of asylum for such monuments of art as could be saved from popular fury during the first revolutionary fever, comprehending the tombs of princes, legislators, and heroes. When the churches were sacked and pillaged, and the property of the clergy was confiscated to the use of the nation, Mons. Le Noir had the courage to attempt to save from impending ruin objects invaluable



for the history of the arts and for that of the nation, and he had the address to devise a probable mode of succeeding in a plan, which, in these furious days, might have been represented as savouring of aristocracy and *incivisme*. He obtained from the National Assembly a recommendation to their Committee of Alienation, to watch over and protect the monuments of art in the churches and domains which they had confiscated to national use. This was followed by a warrant, authorising a committee of Sçavans, of whom Le Noir was most active, to select and transport to Paris these reliques of antiquity, and there to arrange them in one general collection, so as to afford a view of the progress of the arts during the several periods of French history. Much exertion accordingly has been made, and upon the whole with considerable success, to dispose this various and miscellaneous collection according to centuries, and at the same time to place the productions of each æra in the best and fittest order. You accompany therefore at once the progress of the arts and that of history, as you wander from hall to hall, and compare the rude images of Clovis and Pharamond with what the Italian chisel produced to commemorate departed greatness, in that happy epoch which the French artists call *Le Siècle de la Renaissance*. Several monuments,



the size of which rendered them unfit for a cloister, are erected in the gardens; and particularly the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, with those of Des Cartes, Moliere, La Fontaine, Boileau and others dear to French literature.

Yet such is the caprice of the human mind, that even from this rich mental feast we return with some degree of dissatisfaction. The inspection of the Museum inspired me at least with a feeling greater in degree, but similar in origin, to that with which I have regarded a collection of English portraits —

“Torn from their destined page — unworthy  
meed,

Of knightly counsel or heroic deed,” —

and compiled to illustrate a Grainger, at the expence of many a volume defaced and rendered imperfect. Far deeper is that sensation rooted, when we consider that the stones accumulated around us have been torn from the graves which they were designed to mark out and to protect, and divided from all those associations arising from the neighbourhood of the mighty dead. It is also impossible, with the utmost care and ingenuity, that the monuments should be all displayed to advantage; and even the number of striking objects, huddled together, diminishes



the effect which each, separately, is calculated to produce upon the mind. These wayward reflections will arise, and can only be checked by the recollection, that without prosecution of the plan wisely adopted and boldly followed out, the reliques around us would have ceased to exist, and that the ingenious collector, far from being the plunderer of a wreck, has saved and protected its scattered fragments, which must have otherwise perished for ever.

If, in the Museum of Monumens Français, we contrast with advantage the principle and mode by which the collection is formed, with the effect produced by the present arrangement, and pardon, for the sake of the former, the necessary imperfections attached to the latter, no such favourable result can be drawn by the reflecting traveller who visits the inimitable collection of paintings and statues in the Louvre, called the Central Museum of the Arts. It is indeed, abstractedly, a subject of just pride to a nation, that she can exhibit to strangers this surpassingly magnificent display of the works of human genius when in its most powerful and active mood, awakened as it were from the sleep of ages, and at once bringing to the service of art such varied talent as never was nor will be equalled. But if, with these exulting considerations, it were possible for the French to weigh the sum of evil



which they have suffered and inflicted to obtain this grand object of national vanity, they might well view the most magnificent saloon in Europe as a charnel-vault, and the works of Raphael, Titian, and Salvator, as no better than the sable and tattered scutcheons which cover its mouldering walls. Each picture, indeed, has its own separate history of murder, rapine, and sacrilege. It was perhaps the worst point in Buonaparte's character, that, with a firm and unremitting attention to his own plans and his own interest, he proceeded from battle to plunder, less like a soldier than a brigand or common highwayman, whose immediate object is to rifle the passenger whom he has subdued by violence or intimidation. But Napoleon knew well the people over whom he was called to rule, and was aware that his power was secure, despite of annihilated commerce and exhausted finances, despite of his waste of the lives of Frenchmen and treasure of France, despite of the general execration of the human race, echoed from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, providing he could prove to the Parisians that he was still the Emperor of the World, and Paris its capital. *Savans*, therefore, *amateurs*, and artists, whose skill and taste might supply the deficiency of his own, regularly attended upon his military expeditions; and when a city had surrendered, or had otherwise fallen



into his power, whatever it possessed in public or private property evincing excellence in the arts, was destined to augment the Central Museum, and furnish a topic of consolation to those Parisians whose sons perhaps had fallen in battle under its walls. For this purpose every town in Italy was ransacked, and compelled by open violence, or a still more odious influence exercised under pretext of treaties, to surrender those specimens of sculpture and painting whose very names had become associated with the classical situations, from which a true admirer of the arts would have deemed it sacrilege to have torn them. The Low Countries were compelled to yield up those masterpieces of the Flemish school, which are prized by amateurs as almost equal to those of Italy. Dresden, long famous for its collection of paintings, which Frederick the Great contented himself with admiring, was plundered, and only saved in part by the submission of the Elector. Berlin and Potzdam underwent a similar fate; and while Buonaparte affected to restore to the subdued monarch of Prussia his crown and kingdom, he actually pillaged his palaces of their most precious and domestic ornaments. Vienna was severely ransacked, with every inferior town in the emperor's dominions, and that even at the period of an alliance cemented by Buonaparte's union with a



daughter of the house of Austria. The ancient capital of the czars was destined to consign its old magnificence to the same accumulated heap of spoil. But there the robber's arm was shortened, and the plunder of the Kremlin was retaken ere it had crossed the Beresina. The very ornaments of the apartments were acquired by the same iniquitous means which had filled them with paintings and statues. The twelve granite pillars which supported the Hall of Sculpture were plundered from Aix la Chapelle, and the beautifully-wrought bronze folding doors at the upper end of the Grand Saloon were the spoils of a church at Rome. *Omnis Thais Thaida olet.* The collection in all its parts, magnificent and unmatched as it is, savours of the cruelty, perfidy, and rapine by which it was accumulated.

Many have therefore been tempted to think that there was less wisdom or justice than magnanimity in the conduct of the allies during the preceding year, who, to save the feelings of the French, which in this case had no title to a moment's consideration, sacrificed the justice due to their own despoiled countries, and let pass the opportunity of giving a great moral lesson, without inflicting on France a single hardship excepting what might flow from her wounded vanity. But Prussia, it seems, was satisfied with a promise (ill kept by the restored family) that



her property should be redelivered when affairs were settled in France ; and for the other nations no stipulation seems to have been made. If the allies on this occasion neglected to reclaim by force their own property when in their power, it would nevertheless have been just, and perhaps prudent, in the Bourbon family, to have of their own accord relinquished spoils which could only remind them of their own misfortunes. But they were too anxious to establish themselves in the opinion of their new subjects as good Frenchmen, to recollect that justice, open and even-handed, is the first duty of a monarch. They were afraid to face the clamour which would have stigmatized an act of honest restitution as the concession of cowardice. As Buonaparte had been the heir of the Revolution, they were willing to be the heirs of Buonaparte, and appear to have been as little disposed to the doctrine of restitution as the worthy corregidor of Leon, who succeeded to the treasures of Captain Rolando's subterranean mansion. At least they were not unwilling, like the sons of a usurer, to possess treasures of such value, without sharing the guilt of the original acquisition. They did not reflect that every token which carried back the Frenchman's recollection to the emperor, must excite comparisons, among the



thoughtless and unprincipled, highly unfavourable to the legitimate possessor of the crown.

The day of reckoning is at length arrived. The Museum, when I first arrived in Paris, was still entire. But Blucher, who was not, it seems, to be foiled a second time, has since made several visits, attended by a German artist, for the purpose of ascertaining and removing the pictures which belong to Prussia, or to the German states now united with her. The French guardians of the Museum also attended, no longer to decide upon the point of view in which the spoils of nations should be disposed, but to plead, occasionally and timidly, that such a picture formed no part of the cabinet of Potsdam, but had been stolen from some other collection. These demurrers were generally silenced by a "*Tais toi,*" or "*Halt's Maul,*"\* from the veteran of Laon and Waterloo, who is no friend to prolonged discussions. If you ask, whether Prussia has recovered all the pictures which had been carried off at different times, I fancy I may return the same emphatic answer given by an old Scotch serving-man, when his master asked him if he had been careful to pack up all his wardrobe at leaving a friend's house, — "*At least, your honour.*" Not that I suppose the Prince-

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\* "*Hold your tongue.*"



Marshal has got a single article to which the French had any just title, but the late enlargement of the dominions of Prussia has greatly extended her claims of restitution in right of states and cities newly annexed to her dominions; and I fancy she did not permit them to be over minutely scrutinized. Still, however, though nearly a hundred pictures have in this manner gradually disappeared, I have not missed one of those masterpieces to which the attention of the visitor is earliest directed and longest riveted. It is when the claims of Italy and the Netherlands shall be enforced that the principal disgorging of spoil will take place; and when that day comes, I believe it will drive some of the French amateurs to actual distraction. Their attachment to these paintings and statues, or rather to the national glory which they conceive them to illustrate, is as excessive as if the Apollo and Venus were still objects of actual adoration; and on the day of their departure I anticipate them exclaiming with Micah, "Ye have taken away my gods and go your ways, and what have I more? — How then say ye unto me, what aileth me?"

It is, however, understood to be definitively settled by the allied sovereigns, that the French must undergo this mortification; as is evident by the generals, at the capitulation of Paris,



having refused to sanction an article of the treaty proposed by the French, for securing the possession of these monuments. It is a severe mortification doubtless; but, independent of the undeniable justice of the measure, it is wholesome that the French should have in future no trophies to appeal to as memorials, that they had exercised a power over other states, which their victors never had courage to retaliate; or to exhibit as emblems of past conquest, and as the incentive to new wars. The contents of the Museum have been found by bitter experience to perpetuate recollections, which, for the peace of France and of Europe, ought to be effaced as speedily and absolutely as possible. Such associations render the removal of the objects which excite them as necessary a precaution, as the burning of Don Quixote's library to prevent the recurrence of his phrenzy.

With respect to the arts, you know I pretend to no skill in the province of the amateur; but the best judges seem to allow that the dispersion of this immense collection is by no means unfavourable to their progress and improvement. We readily admit, and each spectator has felt, that nothing can be more magnificent, more august, more deeply impressive, taken as a whole, than that noble gallery, prolonged to an extent which the eye can hardly distinctly trace, and



crowded on every side with the noblest productions of the most inspired artists. Fourteen hundred paintings, each claiming rank as a masterpiece, disposed upon walls which extend for more than twelve hundred feet in length, form, united, a collection unparalleled in extent and splendour. But a part of this charm vanishes when we have become familiar with the *coup d'œil*; and the emotions of surprise and pleasure which the transient visitor receives, are gained in some degree at the expence of the student, or studious amateur. In a saloon of such length and height, lighted too from both sides, it is impossible that all the pictures can be seen to advantage; and, in truth, many cannot be seen at all. In a selection where all is excellent, and worthy of studious and heedful attention, this is a disadvantage of no common kind. But it is not the only one. Each of these paintings, almost without exception, has in it something excellent; but, independent of the loss which they sustain in common, by being so much crowded together, and by making part rather of one grand and brilliant whole, than subjects important enough for detached and separate consideration, the merit of some of these *chefs d'œuvre* so far exceeds that of others, as altogether to divert the attention from objects of inferior, though still of exquisite, merit. Few, possessing



even the most eager love for the art, though they have consumed hours, days, weeks, and months, in the Museum, have been able to escape that fascination which draws them to the Transformation of Raphael, the Communion by Domenichino, the Martyrdom of the Inquisitor, and some other masterpieces. About fifty pictures at most therefore are copied, studied, examined, and worshipped, while more than twenty times that number are neglected and unseen, and, with all their admitted excellence, draw as little attention as the Nymphs and Graces in the suite of Venus. This shews that the appetite of taste, as well as of epicurism, may be satiated and rendered capricious by the exhibition of too rich and sumptuous a banquet, and that, our capacity of enjoyment being limited, there is no wisdom in an injudicious accumulation of means for its gratification. To the young student in particular, the feelings of satiety are peculiarly hazardous; for either he becomes accustomed to indulge a capricious and presumptuous contempt of works which he has slightly studied, or he is deterred from boldly and vigorously venturing upon a laborious and difficult art, when he sees that excellence of a pitch to which he dare not aspire, may, in company with the ultimate efforts of genius, be insufficient to secure respect and attention.



It might be added, that there are particular points, in which even those distinguished and selected patterns of supereminence which throw every inferior degree of merit into shadow, lose, in some measure, the full impression of their own merit, by being disjoined from the local associations with a view to which they were painted. This is especially the case with the religious subjects executed for altar-pieces, and for the ornaments of chapels, where the artist had laboured to suit not only his size of figures and disposition of light to the place which the painting was to occupy, but had also given them a tone of colouring and a general character, harmonizing with the solemnity, not only of the subject, but of the scene around. To many a thorough-paced and hackneyed connoisseur, who considers the finest painting merely as a subject for his technical criticism, the divesting it of these exterior accompaniments will seem of little consequence. But those who love the art for the noble and enthusiastic feelings by the excitement of which it is best applauded, will feel some difference in considering a scripture-piece over the altar of a Gothic church, and in viewing the same painting where it forms part of an incongruous assemblage of landscapes and flower-pieces, with a group of drinking boors placed on the one side, and an amour of Jupiter upon the other.



These observations apply only to the ostentatious assemblage of so many and such various specimens of the art in one extensive gallery. But had this objection not existed — had these paintings been so disposed in various apartments as to give each its appropriate situation, and secure for each that portion of attention which it merits, still objections would remain to the whole system. There is no wisdom in venturing as it were the fortunes of the world of art in one single collection, exposed to total and irredeemable destruction either from accidental fire, or the havoc of war, or popular phrenzy. Had the Museum existed during the first years of the Revolution, its danger must have been most imminent, and twice during the space of a very few months has it narrowly escaped the risks which must have attended it had Paris been stormed.

Independent even of these considerations, and admitting this general accumulation of the treasures of art to be as desirable as it is certainly august and impressive, I should still hesitate to say that Paris is the city where they ought to be repositied. The French school, though it has produced many good artists, has been as remarkable for wanting, as the Italians for possessing, that dignity and simplicity of feeling which leads to the sublime. Poussin alone ex-



cepted, there is a flutter and affectation, a constraint of attitude to create point, and a studied contrast of colour and light to bring out effect, which marks the national taste; and from the charms of such Dalilahs, as Dryden calls similar flourishes in poetry, they never have weaned themselves, nor ever will. Their want of real taste and feeling may be estimated by the un-awed audacity with which they have in several notorious instances undertaken to repair, and even to alter, the master-pieces which conquest and rapine had put within their power. The same deficiency of real taste is evinced by the rash comparisons which they make between their schools of music and painting and those of Italy, in which Gay's lines still describe the present Parisian as well as him of his own day:

Mention the force of learn'd Correlli's notes,  
Some squeaking fiddler of the ball he quotes:  
Talk of the spirit Raphael's pencil gives,  
Yet warm with life, whose speaking picture  
lives,

'Yes, sir,' says he, 'in colour and design,  
Rigaut and Raphael are extremely fine.'

Where the taste of those with whom he must  
naturally associate is systematically deficient,



the young artist may lose as much through the influence of a French preceptor, as he could gain by studying in the Museum. I might also hint how little a capital like Paris, containing so many temptations to idleness and dissipation, is a safe abode for the young artist. But enough has been said to justify the sacrifice now exacted from France, however it may lower her pride and mortify her vanity. First, it is a demand of justice, and therefore must be enforced; and next, the artist, though he must in future extend his travels, and visit various cities in search of those excellencies which are now to be seen collected in the Louvre, will have greater benefit from the experience which has cost him some toil; and if he must traverse Switzerland and Italy, to view the sculptures of ancient Greece, and the paintings of modern Rome, he will have the double advantage of taking lessons on his route from Nature herself, in the solitary grandeur of the one and the profuse luxuriance of the other. He will judge of the scenery which trained these great artists, as well from his own experience, as from their representation, and may perhaps be enabled to guess how they composed as well as how they executed.

The taste of the French seems to be turned more towards the Hall of Sculptures than the



Gallery of Paintings, and I think I can trace something of a corresponding partiality in the works of David, their greatest living artist, whose figures, though often nobly conceived and disposed, have a hardness of outline resembling statuary. My own taste (formed probably on habit, for we see few good statues in Britain,) would have inclined otherwise, and I grieve to say I was rather disappointed with some of those statues of antiquity from which I expected most pleasure. One monument can disappoint nobody — I mean the Apollo Belvedere; the sublime simplicity of whose attitude, and the celestial expression of his countenance, seem really more than mortal. It is said there is a chance of his visiting England: while I looked upon so exquisite a specimen of ancient art, I could not muster virtue enough to wish the report false; but writing in my solitary closet, and on mature consideration, I do hope sincerely that neither by purchase, nor gift, or otherwise, however fairly, will Britain possess herself of that or any other the least part of those spoils, since the French would eagerly grasp at such a pretext for alleging that we sought the gratification of our own selfish ends, while we affected to render justice to others. Indeed, unless I am much mistaken, the personage whose taste might be most gratified by



such an acquisition would not enter into a transaction calculated to throw the slightest shade of suspicion on the pure faith of Britain, to acquire all that Phidias ever carved, or Raphael painted. This fine statue, and the other specimens of art, seem to rise in value with the French as the hour of parting with them approaches. They talk to them, weep to them, kneel to them, and bid adieu to them, as if they were indeed restored to the rank of idols. But Baal boweth down, Nebo stoopeth — the hammer and wedge have given awful note of preparation; the Venus, the Dying Gladiator, and many other statues, have been loosened from their pedestals, and stand prompt for returning to their native and appropriate places of abode. Many a lowering eye and frowning brow marks the progress of these preparations; and such is the grotesque distress in the countenance of others, that, as Poins says of Falstaff, if it were not for laughing I could pity them.

After all, however, the French are not objects of compassion, even in the despoiled state, as they express themselves, to which they are likely to be reduced. France possesses, as public property, besides the paintings of her own school, a noble collection formed by the Bourbon race, and the Borghese pictures, honestly



bought and paid for by Buonaparte. She has also to boast the gallery of the Luxembourg palace, containing that splendid series of historical pictures by Rubens, commemorating the principal actions in the life of Mary de Medicis, to the brilliancy of which there can only be objected the incongruous mixture of mythological and allegorical personages, with characters of historical reality. But this mixture of truth and fiction, and men and genii, and heathen gods and Christian emblems, seems to me so inconsistent, that, could I entertain the ambitious hope of possessing a picture of Rubens, I would prefer one of his boar-hunts, or groupes of peasants going to market, to the most splendid picture in the Luxembourg gallery.

At Malmaison there are also some fine paintings, besides a number of good copies from the pictures of the Museum. This was the abode of Josephine, of whom all speak with regret and affection. I was particularly struck with the figure of a dancing Nymph, in marble, which, to my poor judgment, might have been placed beside any of the Grecian monuments in the Halls of Sculpture, without suffering much disparagement. It was cut by Canova, that eminent artist, who, as he remonstrated formerly against the transference of the works of art from



Italy, has now the satisfaction of superintending their restoration to that classical land.

This ample subject has exhausted my paper. I remain, my dear sister, affectionately, yours,

PAUL.



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**LETTER XIV.****PAUL TO THE MAJOR.**

**Y**OUR appetite for military details, my dear Major, is worthy of one who assisted at the defence of Bergen-op-Zoom in the year 1747, since it cannot be sated with the ample feast which I sent you from Waterloo. Here indeed I see little around me but military of all nations; but how to describe the gay, glittering, and at the same time formidable scene, a scene, too, so new to all my habits, is a point of no little difficulty. Paris is one great camp, consisting of soldiers of almost all nations, and is under the military authority of the Prussian Baron Muffling, as commandant for the allies. You are not ignorant of the proceedings which led to this extraordinary crisis, but I shall briefly recall them to your memory.



The only division of the French army which remained entire after the rout of Waterloo, was that of Grouchy and Vandamme, which, by a retreat that did these generals the highest honour, was not only conducted unbroken under the walls of Paris, but gained some accession of strength from the wrecks of the main army. Upon their arrival they found matters in a most singular state of crisis. Buonaparte had anticipated the tidings of the field of Waterloo, and brought, like a certain general renowned in song, the news of his own defeat to the good city of Paris. It would seem that he expected the Liberalists would now, in this last and critical danger, have made common cause with him, strengthened his hands with all the power that unanimity could bestow upon a dictator, called upon the nation to rally around his standard, and tried yet one desperate chance for conquest. But he had measured his importance according to former, not according to existing circumstances. The rump of the old Conventionalists saw no more to overawe them in Buonaparte defeated, than their predecessors of the Long Parliament had seen in Richard Cromwell. They instantly made known to him, and with no friendly voice, that the times demanded his resignation; they called his ministers before them authoritatively, and intimated by every movement their intention



to take the reins of government into their own hands. Napoleon had no alternative left him but that of defiance or of abdication. In the former case, he might indeed have dissolved the refractory chambers, for the troops, and the lower class of the Parisian populace, who were armed under the name of *Federés*, were resolute in his behalf. But he was not resolute in his own determination. It was in vain that his brother Lucien, who, having resumed the thorny path of politics, was disposed to tread it with his former audacity, urged him to march a body of troops to the chambers, dissolve them at once, and take the full power into his own hands. Success over the chambers was indeed certain, but its consequences would have called upon Napoleon to live or die with the troops who should achieve it: of the first he had little hope, and for the last, slender inclination. He therefore attempted by a compromise to transfer his crown, now entwined with thorns, to the head of his infant son. The proposition was for some time evaded by the Assembly, and Buonaparte's adherents could only procure an indirect and dubious assent to this condition. Lucien pleaded and Labedoyere bullied in vain; and the chambers having possessed themselves of this brief and precarious authority, began such a



course of debate as Swift ascribes to his Legion Club, —

“While they sit and pick their straws,  
Let them dream of making laws.”

Instead of active preparations to oppose or avert the progress of foreign invaders, the Parisians saw with astonishment their senators engaged in discussions of abstract theory, or frivolous points of form. A matter-of-fact man, who wished to know the distance betwixt Saint Quentin (then Lord Wellington's head-quarters) and Paris, was called to order, as going into matter irrelevant to the subject of debate. The question, however, was not mal-apropos. Grouchy's army arrived, and the allies were not long behind him. The chambers, who by this time had assumed all the old-fashioned mummary and jargon of the Convention, sent forth a deputation of its members, decorated with three-coloured scarfs, to harangue the soldiers and the federés; and they were conjured by the member who proposed the deputation to apprise the soldiers, that the representatives were ready to mix with them in their ranks, since, to those who fell, the day of their death would be that of their *resurrection*. It was supposed that Mons. Garnier, not much accustomed to such terms,



had meant to say *immortality*, but this impropriety of expression greatly maimed the energy of his eloquence.

The representatives went forth with their fine scarfs. They harangued the soldiers and the armed banditti called *federés* upon the original principles of liberty and the unprescriptible rights of man, and recommended to them, as a rallying word, *Vive la Nation, Vive la Liberté!* But the charm was as ineffectual as that used by the Abbess of Andouillet. The soldiers and *federés* only answered with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*. The representatives affected to consider these acclamations as referring to Napoleon II., and having, like the Duke of Buckingham, thanked their loving friends and countrymen for sentiments which they had never expressed, they returned to make their report to the chambers. There was, in truth, only one point of union between these assemblies of *soi-disant* legislators and the French troops, which was an obstinate determination, founded upon a combined sense of crime and fear of punishment, to resist to the uttermost the restoration of the legitimate sovereign, although every wise man in France had long seen it was the sole measure which promised to avert the impending ruin of the country. Upon this topic the most furious speeches were made, the most violent resolutions



entered into; and the Lower Chamber, in particular, showed that it wanted only time and power to renew the anarchy, as it had adopted the language, of the early Revolution. But there were cold fits to allay this fever, and the perturbation of mind by which individuals began to find themselves agitated broke out amid their bullying ridiculously enough. Merlin of Douai (an old hack'd engine of Philip Egalité, and Robespierre, under the last of whom he promulgated the bloody edict against suspected persons,) announced to the Chamber of Representatives his having received an untimely visit of two persons in a fiacre, demanding to speak to him on the part of the president of the provisional government; that the hour being one in the morning, he had refused them admittance — happily so refused them — since, in the unanimous opinion of Merlin himself, of his wife, and honest Regnault de St Jean d'Angely, these untimely visitors could mean nothing good to his person. On this annunciation, vigorous measures were proposed for the protection of Monsieur Merlin, when Boulay de la Meurthe stopped further proceeding, by informing the assembly that the supposed emissaries of royalty were in fact what they called themselves, messengers from the president upon a matter of emergency, which they had communicated to



himself upon being refused access to Merlin. One member's terrors were excited by seeing in the street a wounded officer, those of another broke out upon spying — not a peer, as used to be the cause of alarm in St Stephen's — but, sight more appalling, a royal Garde de Corps in full uniform under the gallery! These alarms were faithfully reported to the chambers, and though the wiser representatives suppressed their own fears, there were many indications that they did not less deeply entertain them.

The anxiety of the government and of the chambers was singularly contrasted by the extreme indifference of him who had been the origin of all the turmoil and bloodshed, and who continued for some time to travel from the palace of Bourbon Elysées to Malmaison and back again, to give fetes there, and to prepare for a journey no one could say whither, with as much composure as if the general distraction concerned him as little, or less, than any other temporary sojourner in France. To complete this scene of characteristic affectation, he sent a message to the chambers to request copies of two books which he desired might be placed at his disposal. But the near approach of the allies at length accelerated his departure, and on the 29th June, when they were within three leagues of the city, he finally left the capital, which he



had lately called his own, to make the best defence or capitulation they could. At first the chambers resolved upon defence. But the means were very imperfect.

When Buonaparte, before leaving Paris for Avesnes, consulted Carnot on the means necessary for the defence of the metropolis, the latter is said to have estimated them at two hundred millions, and the labour of three years. "And when that sum of treasure and labour has been expended, sixty thousand good troops," continued the ex-director, "and a sustained assault of twenty-four hours, may render it all in vain." Nevertheless Buonaparte undertook preparations for this gigantic and hopeless task. The heights of Montmartre were fortified with extreme care, and amply supplied with artillery. The village of Saint Denis was also strongly garrisoned, and a partial inundation being accomplished by means of stopping two brooks, the water was introduced into the half-completed canal De l'Ourcq, the bank of which being formed into a parapet, completed a formidable line of defence on the northern side of the city, resting both flanks upon the Seine. The populace of Paris had laboured at these lines with an enthusiasm not surpassed in the most exalted phrenzy of the Revolution; nor were their spirits or courage at all lowered by the approach of the conquering



armies of England and Prussia, in the act of being supported, if need were, by the whole force of Russia and Austria. They confided in what had repeatedly and carefully been impressed upon their minds, — that Paris could only fall by treachery; and boasted that they had now Massena, and Soult, and Davoust, (as much celebrated for the military talent as for the atrocity which he displayed in the defence of Hamburgh,) to direct the defence of the capital, instead of Marmont, by whom, in the preceding year, they were taught to believe it had been basely betrayed.

But although the line of defence to the north was such as to justify temporary confidence, the city on the opposite side was entirely open, excepting the occupation of the villages of Issy, and the heights of St Cloud and Meudon. These two points, if they could have been maintained, would have protected for a time that large and level plain which extends on the south side of Paris, and which now presented no advantages for defence, excepting an imperfect attempt at a trench, and a few houses and garden-walls accommodated with loop-holes for the use of musquetry. On this defenceless side, therefore, the allied generals resolved to make the attack, and the Prince-Marshal, on the 30th June, crossed the Seine at St Germain, and, occupying



Versailles, threatened the French position at Meudon, Issy, and the heights of St Cloud, while the Duke of Wellington, holding Gonesse, opened a communication with the Prussians by a bridge at Argenteuil. The French, though their situation was desperate, did not lose courage, and one gleam of success shone on their arms. General Excelmans, by a well-conducted assault, surprised the Prussians who occupied Versailles, and made prisoners some cavalry. But the French were assaulted in their turn, driven from the heights of St Cloud, from Issy, and from Meudon, and forced close under the city itself. This happened on the 2d July, and Blucher had already sent to the British general to request the assistance of a battery of Congreve's rockets, — a most ominous preparation for the assault which he meditated. Meanwhile the wealthy and respectable Parisians were equally apprehensive of danger from their defenders and from the assailants. The temper of the French soldiers had risen to phrenzy, and the mob of the Fauxbourg, animated by the same feelings of rage, vomited threats and execrations both against the allies and against the citizens of Paris who favoured the cause of peace and legitimacy. Such was the temper of this motley garrison, as formidable to the capital as the presence of an incensed enemy, when upon the 3d July the terms of ca-



pitulation between the allies and Massena, who acted as commander in chief of the French, were arranged and signed, Paris once more subjected to the mercy of Europe, and the Queen of Provinces a second time made a bondswoman.

A brief but fearful period of anarchy passed ere the French army, now men without a cause and without a leader, evacuated Paris and its vicinity, and ere their yet more savage associates, the fédérés, could be prevailed upon to lay down the arms with which they still threatened death and devastation to each royalist, or rather to property and all its possessors. The firmness of the National Guards is universally acknowledged to have saved Paris in that awful moment, when, in all human probability, the first example of plunder would have been followed both by the populace and by the foreigners, and a scene of universal blood, rapine, and conflagration, must have become the necessary consequence.

There are indeed fervent politicians, whom, now and then of an evening, we have heard breathe an ardent wish that Paris had been burnt to the ground. These are words soon spoken in the energy of patriotic hatred, or a desire of vengeance for outraged morality; but if we can picture to ourselves without shrinking those horrid scenes which ensue,



“Where the flesh’d soldier, rough and hard  
 of heart,  
 In liberty of bloody hand shall range,  
 With conscience wide as hell,”

we ought yet to remember, upon how many thousands such dreadful vengeance must have fallen, who can only be justly considered as common sufferers by the very acts of aggression of which Europe has such strong reason to complain, and how many thousands more age and incapacity exempted even from the possibility of having been sharers of the offence. It is impossible to look around upon this splendid capital without remembering the affecting plea which the Deity himself condescended to use with his vindictive prophet: “Should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left, and also much cattle?” Least of all ought we to wish that any part of the British forces had been partakers in the horrid license that must have followed on such a catastrophe, during which the restraints of discipline and the precepts of religion are alike forgotten in the headlong course of privileged fury. It was observed of the veteran army of Tilly, that the sack of Magdeburg gave a death-blow to their discipline, and we know how the



troops of France herself were ruined by that of Moscow. In every point of view, therefore, as well with regard to the agents as the sufferers, the averting the destruction of Paris, when it appeared almost inevitable, has added to the glories which the Duke of Wellington has acquired in this important campaign. For it is not to be denied, that to his wise and powerful interference, restraining the vindictive ardour of Blucher, yet accelerating by his tone of decision the reluctant surrender of Davoust, was chiefly owing the timely arrangement of the articles of capitulation, in consequence of which the King of France again obtained possession of his capital, and the allied armies became the peaceful garrison of Paris.

By the time I reached the capital the political convulsions had entirely subsided, and the royal government, to all external appearance, was in as quiet an exercise of authority as if Louis XVIII. had never been dispossessed of the throne. But the public mind was not as yet accustomed to consider the change as permanent, being influenced and agitated by a thousand gloomy reports of plots and conspiracies, — as the sea, after the storm has subsided, continues still to heave and swell with the impulse it has received. It was said, in particular, that Labedoyere, who had been found concealed in Paris, and there



arrested, was agent of a conspiracy in which the federés of the fauxbourgs, with the disbanded soldiers of the army of the north, were to be enlisted. One party of the conspirators was to wear the dress and arms of the Parisian National Guard, and so accoutered were to assault simultaneously the hotels of the Emperors of Austria and of Russia, of the King of Prussia, of Lord Castlereagh, of the Duke of Wellington, and of Blucher; while other bands, disguised in the uniforms of the allied troops, should storm the posts of the National Guard, and particularly those maintained at the palace of the Tuilleries. That a project so wild and impracticable should have been seriously attempted, I can hardly credit; but that so many reckless and desperate men as were now in Paris were meditating something of peril and violence, is extremely probable, for at this very time all the guards maintained on the illustrious personages I have mentioned were on a sudden strongly reinforced, and unusual strictness was exercised by the centinels in challenging those who approached their posts. In going home to my hotel upon this night, I was stopped and interrogated more than six times, and in a new language at each post. The word *English* was a sufficient answer upon every occasion. Indeed, the great and combined military force would have rendered any such



conspiracy an effort of fruitless, though perhaps not bloodless, phrenzy.

The internal duty of Paris is chiefly performed by the National Guard, who, in dress and appearance, remind me very much of the original or blue regiment of Edinburgh Volunteers. They furnish picquets for the various guards upon public places, and around the Tuilleries; a severe duty for the respectable class of citizens of whom these regiments are composed, since I suppose at least five hundred men are acquired for the daily discharge of it. But the corps is very numerous, and a consciousness that the peace of the city and security of property depend upon its being regularly and punctually performed, reconciles these citizen-soldiers to their task.

The guards upon the king's person and palace are entrusted to the Gardes de Corps, or household troops, fine-looking men, very handsomely, though not gaudily, dressed. They are said, with few exceptions, to have behaved with great loyalty in the late trying crisis; but as they are an expensive corps, holding the rank of gentlemen, and being paid accordingly, it is supposed their numbers will be much limited in future. They are very civil in their deportment, and in the discharge of their duty, particularly to English strangers. My infirmities perhaps claimed



a little compassion, and it is no discredit to them that I have seen Messrs les Gardes de Corps feel the claim, and make a little way, by the influence of voice and authority, for one who was not so able to make it for himself. And indeed there was a kind of chivalrous feeling in most of these gentlemen, a modesty of demeanour, a gentleness of conduct towards the crowd, and a deference to the claims of hospitality, — a sense, in short, that he who has the momentary power should use it with tenderness and forbearance, which might be mere urbanity, but which a professed aristocrat is apt to consider as mixed with a higher feeling. This corps, I have been informed, suffered much in attending the king to the frontiers. A few, who had been selected from Buonaparte's followers in a spirit of conciliation, returned to their first vocation; but the rest followed their master as far as they were permitted, and experienced much hardship and distress in consequence, besides the actual slaughter of many of their companions. A stranger is an indifferent judge of such matters; but I am so old-fashioned as to think that a body of real men-at-arms, chosen from the younger sons of the nobility and gentry, is not only a graceful institution as a defence and ornament to the throne, but may in France be the means of retrieving



the real military character, so dishonoured and disgraced of late years.

There is another armed force, of a very different description, frequently seen in Paris, — the patroles of the modern gend'armes, or military police; men picked out for the office, and who, in files of two or four, upon foot or horseback, constantly parade every part not only of Paris, but of France. Their dress and arms are those of heavy dragoons, and therefore they may be at first thought less adapted for discharging their peculiar duty, which is that of police-officers. But there is a very perfect system, of which these are the agents; and when, as in the case of the late effort of Buonaparte, the police seems to have proved ineffectual, it is not the fault of the inferior and operative agents, but of those superintendants from whom they receive their signals. These gend'armes were the agents so dreaded under the imperial government, whose appearance made every knee tremble, and every cheek grow pale. If they are less formidable under a legitimate government, it is because even the enemies of the constitution may shelter their crimes beneath the laws instituted for the protection of innocence. Through all France, however, the ubiquity of the police is something striking and singular. In the most retired scene which you can choose, if you see



a solitary horseman, or still more, if you see two riding together, it is five to one that they belong to the gend'armerie. At this moment they have full employment for their address and omnipresence; and I believe it is exercised in no common degree, unless we should believe the scandal of the *royalistes purs*, who pretend that Fouché under the Bourbons is a much more tractable person than Fouché under the Republic and under Buonaparte.

The National Guards, Gardes de Corps, or household troops, and the Gend'armes, compose the only French military force to be at present seen in Paris. Marechal M'Donald, Duke of Tarentum, is intrusted with the difficult task of disbanding and reorganizing the army beyond the Loire, the remnants, namely, of the old imperial army. M'Donald is equally remarkable for military skill and loyalty; his march from the extremity of Italy to unite himself with Moreau, previous to the battle of Novi, and the successful retreat which he made even after losing that dreadful and well-fought action, against the redoubted Suwarrow, prove his military talent, as his behaviour during Buonaparte's last invasion has established his military faith. Your question is ready, I know, my dear Major, *Which* of the M'Donalds is he? for of true blood you unquestionably have already deemed him. To satisfy



a wish so laudable, I can inform you, from the best authority, that the Marechal is descended of that tribe or family of the M'Donalds of Clanronald who are called Mac-Eachan, or Sons of Hector, as claiming their descent from a cadet of the house of Clanronald, so named. The father of the Duke of Tarentum was engaged in our affair (I love a delicate expression) of 1745, and was very useful to Prince Charles Edward during his rash enterprize. He was a Highlander, bred to the church, and educated in France. He spoke, therefore, Gaelic, English, French, and Latin, and was, besides, intelligent, bold, and faithful. He was one of the seven who embarked with the unfortunate Chevalier when his expedition of knight-errantry had utterly failed. On his return to France, Mac-Eachan took the more general name of his tribe, and appears to have preferred the military service to resuming his studies for the church. His son is now one of the most respectable characters whom the French army list presents to us. I had letters to him from his friends in Sky, but had not the good fortune to meet him at Paris. He was more usefully engaged; and, by all accounts, the king could not have reposed confidence in a more royal and gallant character. How should it be otherwise? Is he not a Scotchman, and a M'Donald? — eh, Major?



Of foreign troops, all included, there are generally said to be in France to the number of a million; but I am informed, from the best authority, that they do certainly amount to EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND EFFECTIVE MEN, an assembly of troops scarce paralleled save in the annals of romance.\* Of these the British, Prussians, and Russians, are nearest to Paris, so stationed as to have an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men within a day's march of the city.

The Austrians are chiefly in the South of France. The French complain more of the severity of the usage which the inhabitants receive from them, than of the rest of the allies. Those whom we see here are part of the Emperor's Hungarian Guards, selected men, of fine and tall figure, which is set off by their white dress. They are unquestionably, in point of exterior appearance, the handsomest of the allied troops, but, though tall and bulky men, want the hardy and athletic look of the British, Russians, or Prussians. Tell the ladies also that this same white uniform looks better upon a line of troops

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\* It has since appeared, from the returns in Parliament, that this number is considerably beneath the real amount.



in the field, than on an individual officer in a ball-room, whose appearance involuntarily, and rather unfairly, reminds me of the master of a regimental band. The hussar uniforms of Austria are very handsome, particularly those of the Hungarians, to whose country the dress properly belongs.

The Russians are in the neighbourhood in very considerable force. I was present at a splendid review which was made of these northern warriors by the Allied Sovereigns, the Duke of Wellington, etc. The principal avenue of the Champs Elysées was crowded with troops of all sorts; and the reflection of the sun upon their arms appeared almost intolerably bright. The monarchs, generals, and their suite, occupied the centre of the Place Louis Quinze, almost the very spot in which Louis XVI was beheaded, and for more than two hours the troops defiled before them without a pause, in a close column, whose front occupied the whole space afforded by the breadth of the avenue. The infantry were fine, firm, steady-looking men, clean, handsome, but by no means remarkable for stature. From the green uniform, and the short and sturdy make of the Russians, the French nicknamed them *Cornichons*, as if they resembled the green cucumbers, so called when pickled. They had a formidable train of artillery, in the highest



possible order, and were attended by several regiments both of dragoons and cuirassiers. The cuirassiers of the guard had burnished steel breastplates, which glanced to the sun, and made a noble display. The cuirasses of the other regiments seemed to be of hammered iron. The cavaliers were remarkably fine men; the horses, excepting those of the officers, seemed to be of an inferior description, and rather weak for that sort of service; but the general effect was indescribably grand. The troops swept on, wave rolling as it were after wave, to the number of at least twenty thousand men, the sound of one band of martial music advancing as the other died away, and the interminable column moving on as if the procession would stretch out to the crack of doom. During this grand display of the powers of the North, the ground was kept by the regular Cossacks of the Russian guard, very fine men, and under good discipline. The irregular Cossacks, and light troops of a similar description, are only occasionally seen in Paris; but their Hettman, Prince Platow, is a constant resident in the capital, and to him these children of the desert are occasionally summoned. The appearance of the proper Cossack is prepossessing. He has high features, keeps his long blue coat strictly clean, and displays some taste for splendour in his arms and accoutrements, which are



often richly decorated with silver. But the Tartar tribes, whom the French unite under the same general appellation, have frequently a most uncouth and savage appearance. Cloaks of sheepskin, bows, arrows, shields made of dried hides, and other appointments savouring of the earliest state of society, were seen among them; from which the French, whom even invasion, with all its ills, cannot deprive of their jest, call them *Les Cupidons de Nord*. I saw one man who had come with his tribe from near to the Great Wall of China, to fight against the French under the walls of Paris! The poor fellow was in the hospital from a very natural cause, the injury which his feet had sustained in so long a march. But these wilder light troops were judiciously kept at a distance from Paris, where the splendour and wealth of the shops formed rather too strong temptations for Tartar morality.

The Prussian troops have gradually assumed a more respectable exterior, as the new clothing, at the expence of France, has been completed and delivered. They are a handsome fair-haired race of men; their uniforms almost exclusively blue and red. Both they and the Russians seem to think, that the beauty of the male form consists in resembling as much as possible a triangle, or rather a lady in an old-fashioned pair of high stays. So they draw their waists tight by means



of a broad belt, or some similar contrivance, and stuff out and pad the breast and shoulders till the desired figure is attained. Almost all of them are young men summoned to arms by the situation of Europe, and their own country in particular, — a call which was obeyed with such ardent enthusiasm, that I suppose no civilized kingdom ever had under arms, as a disposable force, so large a proportion of its population. Many regiments are composed of *Landwehr*, or militia, and some of volunteers. It necessarily follows, from this intermixture of various descriptions of force, that they cannot be all under the same degree of strict military discipline; and to this must be attributed the irregularities they committed upon their march, and which were sometimes imputed to them in their quarters. They have never been accused, however, of gross violence, of assailing life or honour, or of wantonly injuring the churches or public buildings, crimes which were objected to the French armies in Prussia. Their resentment, indeed, was stirred at the name of the bridge of Jena, and they had made preparations for the destruction of that useful and beautiful edifice. But the intercession of the Duke of Wellington procured a delay, until the King of Prussia upon his arrival repealed this hasty and vindictive order.



I saw a large body of these troops quartered in the celebrated Chateau de Montmorency. The owner of this fine seat, and the beautiful domain annexed, was attached to Buonaparte, had fled upon Napoleon's first exile, and had returned to share his triumph. The brief interval before the battle of Waterloo, which compelled him to a second retreat, had been employed in refitting the chateau with painting, pannelling, and sculpture, in the most expensive style. The Prussians were now busily undoing all that he had commenced, and the contrast between recent repair and the work of instant destruction was very striking. The rich furniture was stripped by the female followers of the camp, and the soldiers were boiling their camp-kettles with the gilded frames of pictures, the plate-glass windows were smashed to pieces, and the breaches repaired by old jackets and pantaloons. One of my friends, who had been long in the Spanish war, observed with composure, that the chateau was in a way of being handsomely *rumped*, a technical word for what was going on, which you may insert at my peril in your collection of military phrases. When quartered upon inhabited houses, the French chiefly complained of the extent of the Prussian's appetite, as a craving gulf, which they found it very difficult to satisfy. They were, they allowed, not other-



wise cruel or ill-natured ; but, like the devouring cannibal in the voyages of Aboulfouaris, their hunger could not be lulled to sleep longer than three hours at a time. Much of this was undoubtedly greatly exaggerated.

It is certain, however, that means have been put into the power of the Prussian officers to indulge themselves in the pleasures of Paris to an extent which their pay and allowances, if limited to those drawn in their own country, could not possibly have afforded. They are the principal customers to the expensive *restaurateurs*, the principal frequenters of coffee-houses, of theatres, and of the Palais Royale, at regular and irregular hours, — all indications of an expence not within the ordinary reach of subaltern officers. It is said, that some of our German subsidiary troops made application to the Duke of Wellington to be put upon the same footing with the Prussians in these extra advantages. His Grace, we are assured, expressed to them (with the fullest acknowledgment of their meriting every indulgence which could be wisely bestowed) his decided opinion, that all expedients which tended to place the soldier upon a different footing of expence and luxury in France, than he held in his native country, were injurious to discipline, detrimental to the character of the army, and to the interest of the sovereign.



His practice expresses the same doctrine. The British troops receive regularly the allowances and rations to which they would be entitled in England, and which are here raised at the expence of France; but neither directly nor indirectly do they obtain further indulgence. The strong sense and firmness for which the Duke is as much distinguished as for skill in arms and bravery in the field of battle, easily saw that the high and paramount part which Britain now holds in Europe, — that pre-eminence, which, in so many instances, has made her and her delegates the chosen mediators when disputes occurred amongst the allied powers, — depends entirely on our maintaining pure and sacred the national character for good faith and disinterested honour. The slightest complaint, therefore, of want of discipline, or oppression perpetrated by a British officer or soldier, has instantly met with reprehension and punishment; and the result has been, the reducing the French to the cruel situation of hating us without having any complaint to justify themselves for doing so, even in their own eyes. Our officers of rank have, in many instances, declined the quarters appointed them in private houses; and, where they were accepted, have arranged themselves in the mode least likely to derange the family, and have declined uniformly the offers to accommodate



them with wine, or provisions, which were made as a matter of course. They receive the reward of this moderation in the public respect, which, however the French may dislike us as a nation, they are compelled to pay to individual merit and courtesy.

On the other hand, strange and alarming whispers are thrown abroad respecting the situation of the Prussian army. It is hinted, that they are somewhat out of controul, and look up less to the king than to their generals as their paramount superiors. Blucher holds the first rank ostensibly; but it is pretended that General Gneisenau, so celebrated for his talents as a quarter-master-general, possesses most real influence. Much of this is supposed to be exerted by means of secret societies, particularly that called The Order of Faith and Honour. This association, which derived its first institution from the laudable and patriotic desire of associating against French tyranny, has retained the secret character with which it was necessarily invested, when the foreign enemy possessed the fortresses of Prussia, but which now seems useless at least, if not capable of being rendered hazardous. Almost all the officers of this army belong to this secret society, which is a sort of institution that has peculiar charms for Germans; and it is said to be an object of jealousy to the govern-



ment, though it cannot be supposed dangerous while headed by the loyal Blucher.

Our forces, in general, are admired for their appearance under arms, although, like their countrymen under Henry V.,

They are but warriors for the working day,  
Their gayness and their gilt is all besmier'd  
With rainy marching on the painful field.

But the serviceable state of the men, horses, and equipments, fully compensates, to the experienced eye, every deficiency in mere show.

The singular dress of our Highlanders makes them particular objects of attention to the French. In what class of society they rank them, may be judged from part of a speech which I heard a French lady make to her companion, after she had passed two of these mountaineers : "*Aussi j'ai vu les sauvages Americains!*" — It was very entertaining to see our Highlanders making their bargains upon the Boulevards, the soldier holding his piece of *six sols* between his finger and thumb, with the gripe of a smith's vice, and pointing out the quantity of the commodity which he expected for it, while the Frenchman, with many shrugs and much chattering, diminished the equivalent as more than he could afford. Then Donald began to shrug



and jabber in his turn, and to scrape back again what the other had subtracted; and so they would stand for half an hour discussing the point, though neither understood a word which the other said, until they could agree upon *le prix juste*.

The soldiers, without exception, both British and foreigners, conduct themselves in public with civility, are very rarely to be seen intoxicated, though the means are so much within their reach; and, considering all the irritating circumstances that exist, few quarrels occur betwixt them and the populace. Very strong precautions are, however, taken, in case of any accidental or premeditated commotion. A powerful guard of Prussians always attends at the Pont Neuf and Pont Royal, with two pieces of artillery turned upon each bridge, loaded with cannister-shot, horses saddled, matches burning, and all ready to act on the shortest warning. The other day an unpleasant accident took place. Some of the Parisian populace, while the Prussian officer of the day was visiting a post, quarrelled with the orderly soldier who held his horse; the animal took fright, and escaped the man's hold; the officer came out, and was hustled and insulted by the mob. In the meanwhile, the orderly-man galloped off, and returned with about thirty of his companions, who



charged with their lances couched, as if they threatened death and destruction; but, with much dexterity, tilted up the point of the spear when near a Frenchman's body, and, reversing the weapon, only struck with the butt. They made five or six of the most tumultuous prisoners, who were carried before Baron Muffling, reclaiming loudly the safeguard of the police, and demanding to be carried before a French judge. But, in the present situation of this capital, the commandant preferred subjecting them to military chastisement; and a truss of straw being laid down for each culprit, they were stretched out, and received a drubbing *à la militaire* with the reins and girths of the hussars' horses. The appearance of the sufferers acted as a sedative upon the temper of the mob, none of whom chose to seek further personal specimens of the Prussian discipline. It seemed a strong measure to the English spectators; but the question is, Whether a good many lives were not saved at the expence of the shoulders of those sufferers; for where combustibles are so plenty, the least spark of fire must be trodden out with as much haste as may be. In other frays, it has happened that Prussian soldiers have been killed; in which case, the district where the accident happened is subjected to severe contributions, unless they can arrest the perpetrator. The



Palais Royale, where such scenes are chiefly to be apprehended, is trebly guarded every night by a company of the National Guard, one of British, and one of Prussians.

As a matter of courtesy between the allied powers, the duty of mounting guard upon the person of the monarchs is performed by the troops of each nation in succession: So that our guardsmen mount guard on the Emperor of Russia, the Russians on the Emperor of Austria, and the Highlanders, perhaps, on the King of Prussia, in rotation; — a judicious arrangement, which tends to show both the French and the allied troops the close and intimate union of the sovereigns in the common cause of Europe. The important post of Montmartre, which, in its present state of strong fortification, may be called the citadel of Paris, is confided to the care of the British, who keep guard with great and unusual strictness. Even foreign officers are not admitted within these works, unless accompanied by an Englishman. The hill is bristled with two hundred pieces of cannon; and they make frequent discovery of military stores and ammunition buried or concealed. All these will fall to our share; and, I trust, the two hundred guns will be sent to keep company with the hundred and fifty taken at the battle of Waterloo.



In the meanwhile, it is a strange and most inconsistent circumstance, that the Castle of Vincennes, within three miles of Paris, lying in the midst of these armies, and of no more strength than the White Tower of London, or any other Gothic keep, affects to hold out against the allied army. The commandant, although he has hoisted the white flag, will neither receive a Royalist nor an allied soldier within the castle, and gives himself great airs of defiance, as if encouraged by an impunity which he only owes to contempt, and to the reluctance of the allied sovereigns to increase the King of France's difficulties and unpopularity by punishing the gasconade as it deserves.

I do not observe that the soldiers of the allied nations intermix much in company with each other, although they seem on kind and civil terms when occasionally thrown together. The Museum, which is open to all ranks and conditions, frequently, beside its other striking beauties, exhibits a moving picture of all the nations of Europe in their military dresses. You see the tall Hungarian, the swarthy Italian, the fair-haired Prussian, the flat-faced Tartar, English, Irish, Guardsmen, and Highlanders, in little bands of two or three, strolling up and down a hall as immense as that of the Caliph Vathek, and indulging their curiosity with its wonders.



The wildest of them appeared softened and respectful, while forming a part of this singular assemblage, which looks as if all the nations of Europe had formed a rendezvous at Paris by military representation. Some of their remarks must of course be very entertaining. One or two I caught. "By ——, Jack," said an English dragoon to his comrade, pointing to a battle-piece by Salvator, "look at the cuirasses — they have got the battle of Waterloo here already." — "Pooh, you blockhead," said the other, "that an't the battle of Waterloo; don't you see all the horses have got long tails?" — I asked a Highland serjeant, who was gazing earnestly on the Venus de Medicis, "How do you like her, countryman?" — "God bless us — is your honour from Inverness?" was the first exclamation, and then, "I am told she is very much admired — but I'll show your honour a much better proportioned woman," — and the ambitious serjeant, himself a remarkably little man, conducted me to a colossal female figure, eight feet high. There is no disputing the judgment of artists, but I am afraid the beauties of this statue are not of a kind most obvious to the uninitiated.

Where there are monarchs at the head of conquering armies, the pomp of war must of course be displayed in its full glories. We have reviews of many thousands every morning, from



seven o'clock until ten or eleven. That of the British cavalry was very much admired, notwithstanding the dust which enveloped their movements. The Russians and Prussians exhibited upon another occasion the manœuvres of a mock engagement, the Emperor commanding the Prussian army, and the King of Prussia, in the dress of a colonel of the Russian guards, enacting the general of the Muscovites. After the battle, the two potentates met and greeted each other very handsomely. On another occasion, the Prussians entertained us with a rehearsal of the battle of Issy, or the movements of the French army and their own in the attack and defence of that village, upon the 2d of June. At one of these reviews the Russians were commanded by the emperor to charge in line, expressly for the gratification of the English general. You know it is surmised, that the British claim pre-eminence over all other nations, because the steadiness and bottom of the individual soldiers permit them to hazard a general charge in line, whereas the column is adopted for the purpose of attack by the French and all other foreigners. Perhaps this was designed as a rebuke to our national vanity. However, the Russians went through the manœuvre admirably well, dressing a line of very great length with the utmost accuracy, during an advance of half a mile.



It must be owned, that a politician more gloomy than myself might draw evil augury from the habits which the reigning sovereigns of Europe may possibly acquire by being for years the inmates of camps, and compelled by the pressure of the imminent crisis to postpone the duties of the sovereign to those of the general. War has been described as "the game of princes;" and we know how easily the habit of gambling is acquired, and how irresistible it soon becomes. If it should happen that these powerful monarchs, influenced by the military ideas and habits which have been so long uppermost, should find a state of peace a tedious and dull exchange for the animating perils of war, it will be one instance, among many, of the lasting evils which French aggression, and the necessary means of counteracting it, have entailed on the kingdoms of Europe. I confide, however, something in the wisdom of these princes, and a great deal in the pacific influence of a deity whose presence we all deprecate, notwithstanding the lessons of wisdom which she is supposed to teach — I mean the Goddess of Poverty.

Two circumstances struck me in the grand military spectacle which I have mentioned, — the great number of actors, and, comparatively speaking, the total absence of spectators. The scale of the exhibition cannot indeed be won-



dered at, considering the importance of the actors :

Ha ! Majesty, how high thy glory towers,  
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !

But, in the neighbourhood of so populous a city as Paris, the inhabitants of which have been so long famous for their attachment to public spectacles, one might have thought spectators enough would have been found, besides the military amateurs not immediately engaged, and a few strangers. But I never saw above a hundred Frenchmen, and those of the very lowest order, looking on at these exhibitions, not even at that made in the Place Louis Quinze, under their very eyes. This is the strongest sign of their deeply feeling their present state of humiliation, and proves, more than a thousand others, that they taste the gall in all its bitterness, and that the iron has entered into their soul. In my next letter to my friend Peter, I will communicate what else I have observed on the state of the public mind in France. But I must first acquit myself of my promise to our ghostly father, the parson.

Your's entirely,

PAUL.



*Postscript.* \* By the bye, you must allow me to add to my Waterloo anecdotes, one which relates to a gallant countryman of ours, in whose family you well know that we feel the interest of old and sincere friendship: I mean Colonel Francis Hepburn, of the 3d regiment of Guards, who had the distinguished honour of commanding the detachment sent to the relief of Hougoumont, when it was attacked by the whole French division of Jerome Buonaparte. He had the charge of maintaining, with his own single battalion, this important post, when the communication was entirely cut off by the French cavalry, and it was not until they were repulsed, that he was reinforced by two battalions of Hanoverians and one of Brunswickers. Colonel Woodforde of the Coldstream Guards, who in the morning reinforced Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonnell, commanded in the house and garden, and Colonel Hepburn in the orchard and wood. I am particular in mentioning this, because the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Home, who acted under Colonel Hepburn, appeared in the Gazette instead

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\* This postscript is retained, although, in the present edition of these Letters, the name of the gallant officer alluded to appears in its proper place, p. 151.



of his, by a mistake incidental to the confusion of the day, which rendered it impossible accurately to distinguish individual merit. The error has been admitted, but there is a difficulty in correcting it publicly, though there can be none in making our friends in Scotland acquainted with the real share which the relative of our deceased friend, the best and kindest of veterans, had in the most memorable battle that ever was fought, and which in no degree takes away from the admitted gallantry of his countryman, Lieutenant-Colonel Home. Colonel Hepburn, as you will remember, was engaged in the Spanish war, and severely wounded at the battle of Barossa.



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**LETTER XV.**

PAUL TO THE REVEREND MR ———, MINISTER OF  
THE GOSPEL AT ———.

Do not blame me, my dear friend, if I have been long in fulfilling my promise to you. Religion, so ample a field in most countries, has for some time been in France an absolute blank. From my former letters you must have learned, that in Flanders the catholic system still maintains itself in great vigour. The churches are full of people, most of them on their knees, and their devotion, if not enlightened, seems fervent and sincere. One instance I saw with peculiar pleasure, at Malines — Two *Religieuses*, sisters of charity, I believe, entered the church at the head of a small school of about twenty poor children, neatly, though coarsely, dressed, and knelt down with them to their devotions. I was



informed that the poor nuns had dedicated their little income and their whole time, struggling occasionally with all the difficulties incident to a country convulsed by war and political revolutions, to educate these children in the fear of God, and in useful knowledge. Call them nuns, or call them what you will, I think we will neither of us quarrel with an order who thus employ their hours of retirement from the world.

I was less edified by the frequent appearance of a small chapel and an altar, on the side of the road, where the car-man will sometimes snatch a flying prayer, while his huge waggon wanders on at the will of the horses. But your own parishioners sometimes leave their horses' heads for less praise-worthy purposes, and therefore much cannot be said on that score. The rites and solemnities of the catholic church made less impression on me than I expected; even the administration of high mass, though performed by a cardinal, fell far short of what I had anticipated. There is a fidgetting about the whole ceremony, a perpetual dressing and undressing, which seems intended to make it more elaborate and complex, but which destroys the grandeur and simplicity so appropriate to an act of solemn devotion. Much of the imposing exterior may now indeed be impaired — the church was the



first object of plunder wherever the French came, and they have left traces of their rapacity which will not soon be erased. The vestments look antiquated and tawdry, the music is but indifferent, the plate and jewels have all vanished. The priests themselves are chiefly old men, on whom the gaudy dresses with which they are decorated sit awkwardly, and who seem, in many instances, bowed down by painful recollections, as much as by infirmity. In a word, the old Dame of Babylon, against whom our fathers testified so loudly, seems now hardly worth a passing attack, even in the *Nineteenthly* of an afternoon's sermon, and is in some measure reduced to the *pavé*. Old John Bunyan himself could hardly have wished to see her stand lower in influence and estimation, than she does in the popular mind in France; and yet a few years, and the Giant Pope will be, in all probability, as innoxious as the Giant Pagan. Indeed, since his having shared the fate of other giants, in being transported, like a show, from place to place, by the renowned charlatan Buonaparte, his former subjects have got familiar with his terrors, and excommunication scarcely strikes more horror than the *fee fau fum* of a nursery tale.

It is remarkable, that this indifference seems to have extended to the enemies, as well as the



subjects, of the Catholic church. When Rome was stormed in 1527, the chief amusement of the reformed German soldiers was insulting the rites of the Roman religion, and ridiculing the persons of their clergy. But in 1815, when the conquering armies of two protestant kingdoms marched from Brussels to Paris, the idea of showing scorn or hatred to the catholic religion never occurred to any individual soldier. I would gladly ascribe this to punctuality of discipline; but enough was done, by the Prussians at least, to show, that that consideration alone would not have held back their hands, had they felt any temptation to insult the French through the medium of their religion. But this does not seem to have appeared to them a vulnerable point, and not a crucifix or image was touched, or a pane of painted glass broken, that we could see or hear of upon the route.

In the churches which we visited, very few persons seemed to attend the service, and these were aged men and women. In Paris this was still more remarkable; for, notwithstanding the zeal of the court, and the example which they exhibit of strict attention to the forms of the church, — an example even too marked for good policy, — those of the city of Paris are, with a few exceptions, empty and neglected. It is melancholy to think, that, with the external



forms and observances of religion, its vital principles also have fallen into complete disuse and oblivion. But those under whose auspices the French Revolution commenced, and by whom its terrors were for a time conducted, found their own interest intimately and strictly connected with the dissolution of the powerful checks of religious faith and moral practice. And although the Directory afterwards promulgated, by a formal edict, that France acknowledged the existence of a Supreme Being, and, with impious mockery, appointed a fete in his honour, all opportunity of instruction in religious duties was broken off by the early destination of the youth of France to the trade of arms. A much-esteemed friend at Paris happened to have a domestic, of sense, information, and general intelligence, above his station. His master upon some occasion used to him the expression, "It is doing as we would be done by, — the Christian maxim." The young man looked rather surprised; "Yes," repeated my friend, "I say it is the doctrine of the Christian religion, which teaches us not only to do as we would be done by, but also to return good for evil." — "It may be so, sir," answered the valet; "but I had the misfortune to be born during the heat of the Revolution, when it would have been death to have spoken on the subject of religion, and



so soon as I was fifteen years old, I was put into the hands of the drill serjeant, whose first lesson to me was, that, as a French soldier, I was to fear neither God nor devil " My friend, himself a soldier, and a brave one, but of a very different cast of mind from that which was thought necessary for the service of France, was both shocked and astonished at this strong proof of the manner in which the present generation had been qualified from their childhood to be the plagues of society. This bent of the youth cannot be more strongly illustrated than by the behaviour of the lads who were educated at the college of Navarre, who, immediately on learning Buonaparte's landing and first success, rebelled against their teachers, and, taking possession of one of the towers of the college, declared for war and for the Emperor. The consideration, that they were thus perverted in their early youth, and rendered unfit for all purposes but those of mischief, is the best consolation for such French patriots as mourn over the devastation which has overwhelmed the youth of their country.

Buonaparte, who, when not diverted from his purpose by his insatiable ambition, had strong views of policy, resolved upon the re-establishment of the church, as a sort of outwork to the throne. He created accordingly archbishops,



bishops, and all the appendages of a hierarchy. This was not only intended that they might surround the imperial throne with the solemn splendours of a hierarchy, and occasionally feed their master's ears with flattery in their pastoral charges, — an office which, by most of them, was performed with the most humiliating baseness, — but also in order to form an alliance between the religious creed which they were enjoined to inculcate, and the sentiments of the people towards the imperial dignity. The imperial catechism, promulgated under authority, proclaimed the duties of the catechumen to the emperor, to be love, obedience, fidelity, and military service; the causes assigned were Napoleon's high and miraculous gifts, his immediate mission from the Deity, and the consecration by the pope; and the menace to disloyalty was no less than eternal condemnation — here and hereafter. I am sorry to say, that this summary of *jus divinum* was not entirely of Buonaparte's invention; for, in a Prussian catechism for the use of the soldiers, entitled, „*Pflichten der Unterthanen*,“ (the Duties of Subjects,) and printed at Breslau, in 1800, I find the same doctrines expressed, though with less daring extravagance. Buonaparte reaped but little advantage from his system of church government, partly owing to the materials of which his monarchy



was constructed, (for the best and most conscientious of the clergy kept aloof from such promotion,) partly from the shortness of his reign, but principally from the stern impatience of his own temper, which could not long persist in apparent veneration for a power of his own creating, but soon led the way in exposing the new prelates to neglect and contempt.

We must learn to look with better hope upon the more conscientious efforts for re-establishing the altar, which have been made by the king. Yet we cannot but fear, that the order of the necessary reformation has been, to a certain extent at least, the reverse of what would really have attained the important purposes designed by the sovereign. The rites, forms, and ceremonies of a church, all its external observances, derive, from the public sense of religion itself, the respect which is paid to them. It is true, that, as the shell of a nut will subsist long after the kernel is decayed, so regard for ceremonies and forms may often remain when true devotion is no more, and when ignorant zeal has transferred her blind attachment from the essence of religion to its mere forms. But if that zeal is quenched, and that attachment is eradicated, and the whole system is destroyed both in show and in substance, it is not by again enforcing the formal observances which men have



learned to contemn and make jest of, that the vivifying principles of religion can be rekindled. Indeed, far from premising that the foundation of the altar should be laid upon the ritual of the Romish church, with all the revived superstitions of the twelfth century, it would be more prudent to abandon to oblivion, a part at least of what is shocking to common sense and reason; which, although a Most Christian King might have found himself under some difficulty of abrogating when it was yet in formal observance, he certainly cannot be called upon to renew, when it has fallen into desuetude. The catholics of this age are not excluded from the lights which it has afforded; and the attempt to re-establish processions, in which the officiating persons hardly know their places, tales of miraculous images, masses for the souls of state criminals, and all the mummary of barbarous ages, is far from meeting the enlarged ideas which the best and most learned of them have expressed. The peculiar doctrines of their church prohibit, indeed, the formal rejection of any doctrine or observance which she has once received; but I repeat, that the time is favourable in France for rebuilding the Gallican church on a more solid basis than ever, by leaving room for the gradual and slow reformation introduced by the lapse of time, instead of forcing back the



nineteenth century into the rude and degrading darkness of the ages of excommunications and crusades. It is with the hearts of the French, and not with the garments of the clergy, that the reformation, or rather the restoration, of religion ought to commence; and I conceive the primary object should be securing the instruction of the rising generation in religious and moral duties, as well as in general education, by carefully filling up the ranks of the parochial clergy, on whose patient and quiet attention to the morals of their flocks the state of the nation must depend, and not upon the colour of a cap, the tinkle of a bell, or the music of high mass.

The truth is, that the king's most natural and justifiable zeal for the establishments of religion, which were his chief consolation in adversity, has already given alarm to several classes of his subjects. Bigotted, or interested priests have been already heard misrepresenting the intentions of their sovereign, so far as to affirm, he means to restore to the church all her rights, and impose anew upon the subject the burdens of tithes, and the confusion which must arise from the reclamation of the church lands. How these reports, malignantly echoed by the enemies of the royal family, sound in the ears of men of property, I leave to your own judgment; and



can only regret that it is as difficult as it is desirable, for the king to oppose them by a public contradiction.

It is chiefly in the southern districts, where the French protestants still maintain themselves, that this alarm is excited, cherished, and fostered, by those who care for neither one religion nor the other, further than as the jealousies and contentions of both may be engines of bloodshed, depression, and revolution. In the province of Languedoc especially, the angry passions of both parties are understood to be at full tide; and it unfortunately happens that the contending parties are there envenomed by political hatred. Buonaparte, whose system of national religion included universal toleration, extended his special protection to the professors of the reformed doctrines, and by an organic law concerning worship, published in the year X, guaranteed to them the free exercise of their religion, being the first public indulgence which had been extended to them since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A system of consistories was established for their internal church government; and so highly were they favoured, that the public exercise of the catholic religion, by processions or other ritual observances performed without the walls of the church, was positively prohibited in such towns as had consistorial churches be-



longing to the protestants. This distinction in favour of a body of subjects, amounting, it has been computed, to two millions of souls, attended by the triumph conferred by the interdiction of the catholic rites where their eyes could be offended by them, raised the spirits of the protestants as much as it exasperated and depressed those of the catholics. The sects took their ranks in political contest accordingly; and although interests of various kinds prevented the rule from being absolute, yet it was observed, during the last convulsions of state, that the catholics of the South were in general royalists, whereas many of the protestants, in gratitude for past favours conferred on their church, in jealousy of the family of Bourbon, by the bigotry of whose ancestors their fathers had suffered, and confiding in the tolerant spirit of Buonaparte, lent too ready and willing aid to his usurpation. During that event, and those which followed, much and mutual subject of exasperation has unfortunately taken place between these contending parties. Ancient enmities have been awakened, and, amid contradictory reports and statements, we can easily discover that both parties, or individuals at least of both, have been loud in their appeal to principles of moderation when undermost, and very ready when they obtained the upper hand to abuse the



advantages which the changes of the state had alternately given to them. This is a deep and rankling wound, which will require to be treated with no common skill. The protestants of the South are descendants of the ardent men who used to assemble by thousands in the wilderness — I will not say with the scoffer, to hear the psalms of Clement Marot sung to the tune of *Reveillez vous, belle endormie* — but rather, as your Calvinistic heroes of moor and moss, in the days of the last Stuarts, are described by a far different bard, dear in remembrance to us both, for the affectionate sympathy and purity of his thoughts and feelings; when in the wilderness

—— “arose the song, the loud  
 Acclaim of praise: The whirling plover ceased  
 Her plaint; the solitary place was glad,  
 And on the distant cairns the watcher's ear  
 Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne  
 note.”

On the other hand, the catholics are numerous, powerful in the hope of protection and preference from the crown, and eager to avenge insults, which, in their apprehension, have been aimed alike at the throne and the altar. If we claim for the protestants, whose nearer approach to our own doctrines recommends them to our



hearts as objects of interest, the sympathy which is due to their perilous situation, let us not, in candour, deny at least the credit of mistaken zeal to those whom different rites divide from us. In the name of that Heaven, to whose laws both forms of religion appeal, who has disclaimed enforcing the purest doctrines by compulsion, and who never can be worshipped duly or acceptably by bloody sacrifices, let us deprecate a renewal of those savage and fatal wars, which, founded upon difference of religious opinion, seem to convert even the bread of life itself into the most deadly poison. British interference, not surely so proposed as to affront France's feelings of national independence, a point on which late incidents have made her peculiarly irritable — but with the earnest and anxious assurances of that good-will, for which our exertions in behalf of the royal family, and our interest in the tranquillity of France, may justly claim credit, — might, perhaps, have some influence with the government. But in what degree, or how far it may be prudent to hazard it, can only be known to those upon whom the momentous charge of public affairs has devolved at this trying crisis. We need not now take up the parable of Lord Shaftesbury, when he compared the reformed churches of France and Savoy to the sister of the spouse in the Canticles, and



asked the astonished peers of Charles the Second, "What shall be done for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?" But it is certain, that the security of the protestant religion abroad is now, as in the days of that statesman, a wall and defence unto that which we profess at home; and at all times, when England has been well administered, she has claimed and exercised the rights of intercession in behalf of the Reformed Churches. I trust, however, that our mediation will be, in the present case, unnecessary, and that the king himself, with the sound judgment and humane disposition which all parties allow him to possess, will show himself the protector of both parties, by restricting the aggressions of either. In the meanwhile, admire the singularity of human affairs. In Ireland discontents exist, because the catholics are not possessed of all the capacities and privileges of their protestant fellow subjects; — in the Netherlands the catholic clergy murmur at the union, because the king has expressed his determination to permit the free exercise of the protestant religion amid his catholic dominions; — and in the south of France the sword is nearly drawn, upon the footing of doubts, jealousies, and apprehensions of mutual violence, for which neither party can allege any feasible ground, except mutual dislike and hatred. We may without of-



fence wish that all of them would qualify their zeal for the doctrinal part of their religion with some part of that meekness of spirit, which would be the best proof of its purity.

To return to the religious and moral state of France. It is remarkable that the dissolution of religious principle, the confusion of the Sabbath with the ordinary days of the week, the reduction of marriage to a state of decent and legal concubinage, from which parties can free themselves at pleasure, have, while thus sapping the foundations of the social affections, as well as of religious faith, introduced more vices than crimes, much profligacy, but less atrocity than might have been expected. A Frenchman, to whom you talk of the general decay of morality in his country, will readily and with truth reply to you, that if every species of turpitude be more common in France, delicts of that sort against which the law directs its thunders, are much more frequent in Britain. Murders, robberies, daring thefts, such as frequently occur in the English papers, are little known in those of Paris. The amusements and habits of the lower orders are, on all occasions of ordinary occurrence, more quiet, peaceable, and orderly than those of the lower English. There are no quarrels in the street, intoxication is rarely practised even by the lowest of the people, and when



assembled for the purpose of public amusement, they observe a good-humoured politeness to each other and to strangers, for which certainly our countrymen are not remarkable. To look at the thousands of rabble whom I have seen streaming through the magnificent apartments at Versailles without laying a finger upon a painting or an article of furniture, and afterwards crowding the gardens without encroaching upon any spot where they could do damage; to observe this, and recollect what would be the conduct of an English mob in similar circumstances, compels one to acknowledge, that the French appear, upon such occasions, beyond comparison the more polished, sensible, and civilized people. But release both parties from the restraints imposed by the usual state of society, and suppose them influenced by some powerful incentive to passion and violence, and remark how much the contrast will be altered. The English populace will huzza, swear, threaten, break windows, and throw stones at the Life Guards engaged in dispersing them; but if a soldier should fall from his horse, the rabble, after enjoying a laugh at his expence, would lend a hand to lift him to his saddle again. A French mob would tear him limb from limb, and parade the fragments in triumph upon their pikes. In the same manner, the Englishman under arms retains the same



frank, rough loyalty of character, without the alert intelligence and appearance of polished gallantry which a French soldier often exhibits to strangers. But it would be an outrage to our countrymen to compare the conduct of the two armies when pursuing a defeated enemy, or entering a country as invaders, when every evil passion is awake, and full licence is granted to satiate them.

The cause of so extraordinary a contrast may, I think, be expressed in very few words. The French act from feeling, and the British from principle. In moments, therefore, when the passions are at rest, the Frenchman will often appear, and be in reality, the more amiable of the two. He is generally possessed of intelligence and the power of reflection, both of which are great promoters of that limited sort of honesty which keeps the windy side of the law. He piques himself upon some understanding and perception of the fine arts, by which he is told his country is distinguished, and he avoids the rudeness and violence which constitute a barbarian. He is, besides, habitually an observer of the forms and decencies of society, and has ample means of indulging licentious passions without transgressing them. The Frenchman is further, by nature and constitution, a happy and contented mortal, satisfied with little, and at-



tached to luxuries of the more simple kind; and a mind so constituted is usually disposed to extend its cheerfulness to others. The Englishman of low rank is, in some degree, the reverse of all this. His intelligence seldom goes beyond the art to which he is trained, and which he most frequently practises with mechanical dexterity only; and therefore he is not by habit, unless when nature has been especially bountiful, much of a reasoning animal. As for pretending to admire or criticize the fine arts, or their productions, he would consider such an effort of taste as the most ridiculous affectation, and therefore readily treats with contempt and disrespect what he would upon system be ashamed to understand. Vice and crime are equally forbidden by the Englishman's system of religious morals; if he becomes stained with gross immorality, he is generally ready to rush into legal delict, since, being divested of the curb of conscience, and destroyed in his own esteem, he becomes, like a horse without a bridle, ready to run upon any course which chance or the phrenzy of the moment may dictate. And this may show why, though the number of vicious persons be greater in France than in England in an enormous ratio, yet the proportion of legal criminals is certainly smaller. As to general temper and habits, the Englishman, less favoured



in climate and less gay by constitution, accustomed to be a grumbler by his birth-right, very often disdains to be pleased himself, and is not very anxious to please others. His freedom, too, gives him a right, when casually mixed with his betters, to push, to crowd, to be a little riotous and very noisy, and to insult his neighbours on slight provocation, merely to keep his privileges in exercise. But then he is also taught to respect the law, which he invokes as his own protection; to weigh and decide upon what is just and unjust, foul and fair; to respect the religion in which he has been trained, and to remember its restraints, even in the moment of general licence. It might indeed be wished that some of the lighter and more amiable qualities of the French could be infused into our populace. But what an infinitely greater service would the sovereign render to France, who should give new sensibility to those moral principles which have too long lain torpid in the breasts of her inhabitants!

This great end can only be reached by prudent and prospective regulations; for neither religion nor morality can be enforced upon a nation by positive law. The influence of parochial clergy, and of parochial schools, committed to persons worthy of the important trust, are, as I before hinted, the most obvious remedies. But there



are others of a prohibitory and preventive nature. It is in the power of government to stop some grand sources of corruption of morals, and to withdraw their protection and licence, at least, from those assemblies which have for their direct object the practice of immoralities of every sort. The Palais Royal, in whose saloons and porticos Vice has established a public and open school for gambling and licentiousness, far from affording, as at present, an impure and scandalous source of revenue to the state, should be levelled to the ground, with all its accursed brothels and gambling houses, — rendezvouses, the more seductive to youth, as being free from some of those dangers which might alarm timidity in places of avowedly scandalous resort. Gaming is indeed reduced to all the gravity of a science, and, at the same time, is conducted upon the scale of the most extensive manufacture. In the *Sallon des Estrangers*, the most celebrated haunt of this Dom-Daniel, which I had the curiosity to visit, the scene was decent and silent to a degree of solemnity. An immense hall was filled with gamesters and spectators; those who kept the bank, and managed the affairs of the establishment, were distinguished by the green shades which they wore to preserve their eyes, by their silent and grave demeanour, and by the paleness of their countenances, exhausted by



constant vigils. There was no distinction of persons, nor any passport required for entrance, save that of a decent exterior; and on the long tables, which were covered with gold, an artizan was at liberty to hazard his week's wages, or a noble his whole estate. Youth and age were alike welcome; and any one who chose to play within the limits of a trifling sum, had only to accuse his own weakness if he was drawn in to deeper or more dangerous hazard. Every thing seemed to be conducted with perfect fairness; and indeed the mechanical construction of the E O tables, or whatever they are called, appears calculated to prevent the possibility of fraud. The only advantage possessed by the bank (which is, however, enormous) is the extent of its funds, by which it is enabled to sustain any train of reverses of fortune; whereas most of the individuals who play against the bank are in circumstances to be ruined by the first succession of ill luck; so that ultimately the smaller ventures merge in the stock of the principal adventurers, as rivers run into the sea. The profits of the establishment must indeed be very large to support its expences. Besides a variety of attendants who distribute refreshments to the players gratis, there is an elegant entertainment, with expensive wines, regularly prepared about three o'clock in the morning, for those who choose to partake



of it. With such temptations around him, and where the hazarding an insignificant sum seems at first venial or innocent, it is no wonder if thousands feel themselves gradually involved in the whirlpool whose verge is so little distinguishable, until they are swallowed up with their time, talents, and fortune, and often also both body and soul. This is Vice with her fairest vizard; but the same unhallowed precincts contain many a secret cell for the most hideous and unheard-of debaucheries, many an open rendezvous of infamy, and many a den of usury and of treason; the whole mixed up with a Vanity-fair of shops for jewels, trinkets, and baubles, that bashfulness may not lack a decent pretext for adventuring into the haunts of infamy. It was here where the preachers of the Revolution first found, amidst gamblers, money-jobbers, desperadoes, and prostitutes, ready auditors of their doctrines, and active hands to labour in their vineyard. In more recent times, it was here that the plots of the Buonapartists were adjusted, and the number of their partizans recruited and instructed concerning the progress of the conspiracy; and from hence the seduced soldiers, inflamed with many a bumper to the health of the Exile of Elba, under the mystic names of *Jean de l'Epée*, and *Caporal Violet*,



were dismissed to spread the news of his approaching return, and prepare their comrades to desert their lawful sovereign. In short, from this central pit of Acheron, — in which are openly assembled and mingled those characters and occupations which, in all other capitals, are driven to shroud themselves in separate and retired recesses, — from this focus of vice and treason have flowed forth those waters of bitterness of which France has drunk so deeply. Why, after having occasioned so much individual and public misery, this source of iniquity is not now stopped, the tenants expelled, and the buildings levelled to the ground, or converted to some far different purpose, is a question which the consciences of the French ministers can best answer. Thus far at least is certain, that, with the richest soil, and the most cultivated understandings, a people brave even to a fault, kind-tempered, gay, and formed for happiness, have been for twenty years the plague of each other and of Europe; and if their disorders can be plainly traced to want of moral character and principle, it cannot be well to maintain amongst them, for the sake of sharing its polluted profits, such a hot-bed of avowed depravity.

If the French have no strong sense of religion or its precepts, they are not without a share of



superstition; and an impostor is at present practising among them, who, by all accounts, is as successful as Joanna Southcote herself. This lady, a woman, I am assured, of rank and information, pretends, like Baron Swedenbourg, to an immediate intercourse with the spiritual world, and takes her ecstatic trances for the astonishment of parties of good fashion, to whom, on her return to her senses, she recounts the particulars of her visit to the spiritual world, and whom she treats with explanations of their past lives, and predictions of the future. It is said her art has attracted the attention of some men of high rank in the armies of our allies.

If you disbelieve the powers of this lady, you may also distrust the apparition of *l'Homme Rouge*, or the Red Man, said to have haunted Napoleon as the dæmon did Ras Michael, and advised him in matters of importance. He was, saith the legend, a little muffled figure, to whom, whenever he appeared, access was instantly given, for the spectre was courteous enough to request to be announced. At Wilna, before advancing into Russia, while Buonaparte was engaged in tracing the plan of his march, he was told this person requested to speak with him. He desired the attendant to inform his summoner that the



Emperor was engaged. When this reply was communicated to the unknown, he assumed an authoritative voice and accent, and, throwing open his cloak, discovered his dress under it, which was red, without mixture of any other colour. "Tell the Emperor," said he, "that *l'Homme Rouge* must speak with him." He was then admitted, and they were heard to talk loud together. As he left the apartment, he said publicly, "You have rejected my advice! you will not again see me till you have bitterly repented your error." The visits of *l'Homme Rouge* were renewed on Buonaparte's return from Elba; but before he set out on his last campaign, Napoleon again offended his familiar, who took leave of him for ever, giving him up to the red men of England, who became the real arbiters of his destiny. If you have not faith enough for this marvellous story, pray respect the prophecy which was made to Josephine by one of the negro sooth-sayers in the West Indies, that she should rise to the highest pinnacle of modern greatness, but without ever being a *queen*; that she should fall from thence before her death, and die in a hospital. I can myself vouch for the existence of this prophecy before the events which it was supposed to predict, for it was told me many years ago, when Buonaparte was only ge-



neral of the army of Italy, by a lady of rank who lived in the same convent with Josephine. The coincidence of the fortune-teller's presages with the fact, would have been marred by the circumstances of the ex-empress's death, had not somebody's ingenuity discovered that her house, as the name *Mal-maison* implies, had once been a hospital. Buonaparte, it is well known, had strange and visionary ideas about his own fated destiny, and could think of fortune like the Wallenstein of the stage. The following lines from that drama, more grand in the translation of Coleridge than in the original of Schiller, seem almost to trace the career of Napoleon: —

„Even in his youth he had a daring soul:  
His frame of mind was serious and severe  
Beyond his years; his dreams were of great  
objects.

He walk'd amid, as if a silent spirit,  
Communing with himself: Yet have I known  
him

Transported on a sudden into utterance  
Of strange conceptions; kindling into splendour,  
His soul reveal'd itself, and he spoke so  
That we look'd round perplexed upon each  
other,

Not knowing whether it were craziness,



Or whether 'twere a God that spoke in him  
 — — — — —

Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted  
 And privileged being, and, as if he were  
 Incapable of dizziness or fall,  
 He ran along the unsteady rope of life,  
 And paced with rapid step the way to greatness;

Was Count, and Prince, Duke Regent, and  
 Dictator,

And is all, all this too little for him;  
 He stretches forth his hand for a King's crown,  
 And plunges in unfathomable ruin."

Farewell, my dear friend; light and leisure  
 are exhausted in this long detail, concerning the  
 religion of which the French have so little, and  
 the superstition of which they have a considerable  
 portion.

You will groan over many parts of this epistle,  
 but the picture is not without its lights. France  
 has afforded many examples, in the most trying  
 crisis, of firmness, of piety, of patience under  
 affliction; many, too, of generosity and courtesy  
 and charity. The present Royal Family have  
 been bred in the school of adversity, and it is  
 generally allowed that they have the inclination,



though perhaps they may mistake the means, of ameliorating the character of the nation, to the government of which they have been so providentially restored.



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## LETTER XVI.

PAUL TO HIS COUSIN PETER.

I AM in the centre, you say, of political intelligence, upon the very area where the fate of nations is determined, and send you no intelligence. This seems a severe reproach; for in England, with a friend in the foreign office, or the advantage of mixing in a certain circle of society, one can always fill up a letter with political events and speculations some days sooner, and somewhat more accurately, than they appear in the newspapers. But they manage matters otherwise in France. The conferences between the ministers of the allied powers and those of Louis XVIII., are conducted with great and praise-worthy secrecy. They are said to be nearly concluded; but a final arrangement will probably be postponed by an expected change of ministry in the Tuilleries.



All politicians were surprised (none more than thou, Peter) at the choice which the king made of his first ministry. That Fouché, who voted for the death of his brother, Louis XVI., who had been an agent of Robespierre and a minister of Buonaparte — who, in the late Revolution, was regarded as a chief promoter of the unexpected and unnatural union between the discontented patriots, or Liberalists, and the followers of Buonaparte, — that he should have been named minister of police under the restored heir of the Bourbons, seemed wonderful to the royalists. His companions in the provisional government saw themselves with equal astonishment put under the *surveillance* of their late associate, in his new character; and the letters between him and Carnot, when the latter applied to Fouché, agreeably to the royal proclamation, that a place of residence might be assigned to him, fully, though briefly, express their characteristic feelings. "*Où veux tu que je m'en aille, Traître?*" signed CARNOT, was a brief question, to which the minister of police as briefly replied, "*Où tu veux, Imbecille,*" FOUCHÉ.

There are two ways of considering the matter; — with reference to the minister who accepted the office, and with regard to the sovereign who nominated him.



On the former point little need be said. Times of frequent and hasty changes, when a people are hurried from one government to another, necessarily introduce among the leading statesmen a versatility of character, at which, those who are remote from the pressure of temptation, hold up their hands and wonder. In looking over our own history, we discover the names of Shaftesbury and Sunderland, and of many other statesmen eminent for talent, who changed their political creed with the change of times, and yet contrived to be employed and trusted by successive governments who confided in their fidelity, at least while they could make that fidelity their interest. Independent and steady as the English boast themselves, there were, during the great civil war, very many persons who made it an avowed principle to adhere to the faction that was uppermost, and support the administration of the day; and these prudential politicians existed in numbers enough to form a separate sect, who, in the hypocritical cant of the times, assumed the name of Waiters upon Providence. This accommodating line of conduct has been rendered so general in France, during the late frequent changes of government, as to give matter for a catalogue of statesmen and remarkable persons extending to about four hundred and



fifty pages, which has been recently published under the name of the *Dictionnaire des Girouettes*, in which we find the names of almost all the men distinguished for talents, or influence, now alive in France, with a brief account of the changes of their political lives. The list grew so scandalously comprehensive, that the editor announces his intention of suppressing, in a second edition, all those who had changed only *once*, considering them, comparatively, as men of steady political faith and conscience. They must know little of human nature, who can suppose the result would be otherwise with the mass of mankind in times, when universal example sanctioned changes of principle, which were besides pressed upon each individual by ambition, by avarice, by fear, by want, in short, by their interest under the most pressing and seductive forms. The conduct of Fouché, therefore, is by no means singular; although, if it be true, that, in assuming power under Buonaparte, his real wish was to serve the king, his case merits a particular distinction, — whether favourable or no, may be reasonably doubted.

That Fouché should have accepted power was, therefore, in the order of things, as they have lately gone in France. But, that the king



should have trusted, or at least employed him, and that his appointment should have given acknowledged satisfaction to the Duke of Wellington and to Lord Castlereagh, thou, Peter, wilt think more difficult to account for. Consider, however, that Fouché was at the head of a numerous faction, comprehending the greater part of that third party in the state, which, as uniting all shades of those who use the word Liberty as their war-cry, are generally called Liberalists. If these were divided from the king in the moment of his return, what remained to him save the swords of a few nobles and men of honour, the scattered and subdued bands of La Vendée, which had been put down by a convention with General Lamarque, and the inert wishes of the mass of the population, who might indeed cry *Vive le Roi*, but had plainly shewed they loved their own barns better than the house of Bourbon. The bayonets of the allies indeed surrounded Paris, but Buonaparte was still in France and at large, the army of the Loire continued independent and unbroken, many garrisons held out, many provinces were still agitated; and the services of Fouché, who held in his hand the various threads of correspondence through the distracted kingdom, who knew the character and principles of each agitator, and



the nature of the materials he had to work with, — who possessed, in short, that extent of local and personal knowledge peculiar to one who had been long the head of the French police, were essentially necessary to the establishment of the royal authority, and to preventing a scene of blood and total confusion. That Fouché served the king with great address, cannot be doubted, and his admission into the high office of trust, which he has for some time enjoyed, was a great means of calming the public mind, and restoring to confidence those, who, feeling themselves involved in the general defection, might otherwise have been rendered desperate by the fear of punishment. Talleyrand, also, whose loyalty to the house of Bourbon, during the last usurpation, was never doubted, is understood to have expressed his strong sense of the peremptory necessity of receiving Fouché and his party into power at least, if not into confidence. So much, therefore, for the propriety, or rather necessity, of a measure, which looked strange enough when viewed from a distance, which could not be agreeable to the king personally, and which had its political inconveniences; but, nevertheless, was at the time essential to the royal interest. The first benefit which resulted from this appointment was the close and vigilant pursuit that



compelled Napoleon to surrender to the English. The same activity, exercised by this experienced politician and his agents, decided and secured a bloodless counter-revolution in most of the towns in France. Upon the general interests of Europe, Fouché is well understood to have entertained such just and moderate views as were acceptable to the ministers of the allied powers, and particularly to those of Britain.

Notwithstanding these advantages, it is not supposed that Fouché will keep his ground in the ministry, and it is believed the change will occasion the resignation of Talleyrand.\* As the king's party appears better consolidated, and his power becomes more permanent, the faction of the *Royalistes purs et par excellence* acquires numbers and courage, and becomes daily more shocked with the incongruity of Fouché's high place in the administration. His influence is supposed to have one effect, which, if true, is a very bad one — that, namely, of delaying the selecting and bringing to punishment the more notorious agents of the last usurpation. All who know this nation must be aware of what im-

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\* This anticipation was verified shortly after the writer left Paris.



portance it is that their ruler should not seem to fear them; and the king ought to know that his authority will seem little more than an idle pageant till he shall shew he is possessed of the power of vindicating and maintaining it. On the other hand, nothing can be more impolitic than to keep up the memory of this brief usurpation, and the insecure and jealous feelings of all connected with it, by long hesitation on the choice of victims to the offended laws. The sooner that two or three principal criminals can be executed, some dangerous agitators banished, and a general amnesty extended to all the rest, without exception, the sooner and the firmer will the royal authority be established. We have as yet had only one example of severity, in the fate of Labedoyere, although no good reason can be given why others of superior consequence, such as Ney and Massena, should not share his fate. But the death of this comparatively subordinate agent has acted as a sedative upon the spirit of faction. Last week nothing was heard but threats and defiance, and bold declarations, that the government would not, and dared not, execute the sentence. The rights of the Bourbons seemed to have been so long in *abeyance*, that it was thought scarce possible to be guilty of treason against them, or that they



should dare to regard and punish it as such. This is a popular feeling which the king must remove by a display of firmness, or it will most assuredly once more remove his throne. Accordingly, the execution of this criminal has had some effect, and the tone of mutiny and defiance is greatly lowered. The execution took place in the evening, and there was no remarkable concourse of people. Labedoyere died with great firmness, but his fate apparently made little impression on the bye-standers. I met parties of them returning from the fatal scene, which had not a whit abated the usual vivacity of their prattle. One of the gend'armes alone testified some sympathy with the sufferer: "*Quelle dommage!*" said he to an English gentleman, "*il n'avoit que vingt-huit ans.*" The handsome sufferer, however, finds the usual degree of favour in the eyes of the fair. One lady talked of his execution as *un horreur*, an atrocity unequalled in the annals of France. "Did Buona- parte never order such executions?" — "Who? the Emperor? — never." — "But the Duc d'Enghien, madam?" continued the persevering querist. — "*Ah! parlez moi d'Adam et d'Eve,*" was the reply. A retrospective of three or four years was like looking back to the fall of man; and the exclamation affords no bad key to the



French character, to whom the past is nothing, and the present every thing.

The attacks upon Fouché in our English newspapers are said to have no small share in unsettling his power, as they were supposed to express the opinion of our nation against him. I have great reason to doubt whether his successor may not be appointed out of a class to whom we are, as a nation, less acceptable. For, with a few exceptions, I do not think that the English are so much disliked, even by the military men and Imperialists, as they are by the nobility and pure royalists. This class of politicians, whatever may be thought of their bias to despotism, numbers among them so much of high honourable feeling and sincere principle, that I willingly look for some apology for their entertaining sentiments towards England and Englishmen, which, to say the least, are an indifferent requital for our former hospitality and our late effective assistance. I will, therefore, make every allowance for the natural prejudice which they entertain against us for having, as they may conceive, stopped short in the services which it was in our power to have rendered them, and declined to back their pretensions to complete restoration of the rights and property which they have forfeited in the king's cause:



I will permit them to feel as Frenchmen as well as royalists, and to view, with a mingled sensation, the victory of Waterloo and the capture of Paris, although their own interest and that of the king was immediately dependent on the success of the allies: I can suppose, that it is painful for them to see foreigners residing at Paris as lords of the ascendant; and it may be a laudable sensibility to the misfortunes of their country, which makes them at this moment retreat from the duties of hospitality, and shun mixing in society with those whose best blood has been so recently shed in the king's service: I can even forgive them, that, being conscious of their weakness in point of numbers and influence (unless through that of the sovereign), they are glad to snatch opportunities of making common cause with the bulk of their countrymen at the expence of foreigners, and are therefore fain to lead the cry against the allies, and especially against our country, in order to show, that whatever may be their interests, their hearts have always been French: But, while we pardon the motives, we must be allowed to smile at the expressions of this animosity. One would almost suppose while hearing them, that our interference in the affairs of France was altogether gratuitous and unnecessary, and had only pre-



vented a grand *re-action*, by which Napoleon would have been walked out of the kingdom as he had walked into it, and a counter-revolution accomplished, as nearly resembling that which concludes the Rehearsal, as the last usurpation seemed in ease and celerity to rival that of King Phys. and King Ush. in the same drama. They even extol the conduct of those commandants upon the frontier, who, in defiance of their sovereign's mandate, and with a brutal indifference to human life, maintain, without motive, or means, or hope, a senseless opposition to the allied troops. Some of these have been honourably acquitted when brought to trial; all are praised and caressed, as having maintained the frontiers of France against foreigners, instead of being shot or degraded for the bloodshed occasioned by their resistance both to their country and to the king's allies. Upon the same principle, I suppose the governor of Vincennes, who still holds out his old Donjon, is to be considered as a true patriot, although he, and those who think like him, have no object in view but to show a reckless and unavailing resistance to their victors. In one of the king's proclamations to his subjects on his restoration, he has been made to take credit that not one of his own followers had been permitted to draw a sword in



defence of his rights, etc. If the state of the royal army was indeed justly rated at twenty-four thousand men and forty pieces of cannon, as given in an order of the day, signed by the Duke of Feltre, on 7th April 1815, we may with right complain of the mistaken tenderness which withheld such a force from the conflict, and demand of the King of France a reckoning for the lives of forty thousand brave men killed in his quarrel, many of whom might have been saved by such a reinforcement. But if the attendants of the king consisted chiefly of a few hundred officers and gardes de corps, to whom the arrival of *cinq Cent Suisses* (that is, not five hundred Swiss, as a sanguine Englishman was led to interpret the phrase, from the pleasure with which he heard the incident detailed, but five individuals of the corps called *les Cent Suisses*,) was hailed as a timely reinforcement, it should be considered, that, since the days of chivalry are ended, and since no single knight can now rout a legion of cuirassiers with his own good sword, the king must have owned his restoration to Wellington and Blucher; and those who only walked forward in the path which our swords hewed out for them ought to bear with some patience the measures to which their own proved weakness, and the experienced art



and strength of their powerful adversaries, compel us to have recourse. It was, I think, Edward I., who replied with scorn to a competitor for the Scottish crown, in whose cause he had invaded Scotland, when, after the victory at Dunbar, he ventured to remind him of his pretensions, *Ne avons nous autre chose a faire que a vous reau-meys gagner?* \* Such an answer we might have returned to Louis XVIII., had we inclined to support any other competitor among the ample choice which the provisional government held out to us; and although we claim no merit for following the open path of faith and loyalty to an unfortunate ally, we ought at least to escape the censure of those who have been most benefited by our exertions, and who confessedly were unable or unwilling to assist themselves.

In the meanwhile, if it is meant to confine the king's choice of ministers to the faction of *royalistes purs*, we are afraid his choice will be limited; for, excepting a few individuals who have been employed in Russia, where strangers are more readily promoted to offices of confidence than elsewhere, we know few who have

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\* *i. e.* "Have we nothing to do but to conquer kingdoms for you?"



had the means of acquiring experience in state business. Brave, loyal, and gallant, the French noblesse are by their charter; but the heat of temper which confounds friends and foes; the presumption which pushes direct to its object without calculation of obstacles; a sense of wrongs received, and a desire of vengeance, make them dangerous counsellors at such a crisis as the present.

From the more violent portion of the opposite faction, (inclusive of the Imperialists, who are now hastily melting into the ranks of the general opposition,) the king can, I fear, look for little cordiality, and only for that degree of support which he can make it their interest to afford him. Still, however, there are many cases where ability without principle may be successfully employed, when it would be unsafe to trust to principle unguided by experience and prudence; just as a proprietor will sometimes find it his interest to employ, in the management of his affairs, a skilful knave rather than an honest fool. This is taking an extreme case: there are many degrees between a *jacobin enragé* and a *royaliste pur*, and some of the wisest and best of each party will perhaps at length see the necessity of joining in an administration exclusive of neither, which should have at once for its



object the just rights of the throne, and the constitutional liberties of the subject. To such a coalition, the king's name would be, indeed, a tower of strength; but, founded upon a narrower basis, must run the risque of falling itself, and bearing to ground all who adhere to it.

It must be owned, nevertheless, that the general rallying point of the *Liberalists* is an avowed dislike to the present monarch and his immediate connections. They will sacrifice, they pretend, so much to the general inclinations of Europe, as to select a king from the Bourbon race; but he must be one of their own choosing, and the Duke of Orleans is most familiar to their mouths. And thus these politicians, who assume the title of *Constitutional Royalists*, propose to begin their career by destroying hereditary succession, the fundamental principle of a limited monarchy. In Britain, we know that the hereditary right of succession is no longer indeed accounted divine and indefeasible, as was the principle of *our* ancient *royalistes purs et par excellence*; but the most sturdy whig never contended that it could be defeated otherwise than by abdication or forfeiture, or proposed the tremendous measure of changing the succession purely by way of prevention or experiment. In the most violent



times, and under the most peculiar circumstances, the Exclusion Bill, although founded upon an acknowledged and plausible ground of incapability, and levelled against the person of a successor, not of an existing monarch, was rejected as a dangerous innovation on the constitution. It is in order to prevent, as far as possible, such violent and hazardous experiments, that we impute the faults of monarchs not to themselves, but to their ministers, and receive, in a political sense, the well-known maxim, that the king can do no wrong. For the same reason, in the height of popular indignation against James II., the word *abdication* was selected in preference to *desertion* or *forfeiture*, to express the manner in which the throne became vacant at the Revolution. But the doctrine now held in France strikes at the very foundation of hereditary right, being founded on no overt act of the sovereign tending to affect the liberties of his subjects, but upon jealousies and fears that he has, or may call, evil counsellors around him, to attempt the re-establishment of the feudal rights of the nobility and the domination of the church. In this grand counterpart to our constitutional maxim, it is not even alleged that the king *has* done wrong, but it is assumed that he *will* do wrong, and proceedings are to be



grounded on this prediction as if the evil foreseen already existed. The fact seems to be, that the objections of this faction to the present line is much more a matter of taste or caprice than they are willing to acknowledge. The vanity of the nation, and especially of this class of statesmen, who have not the least share of it, is affronted at being compelled to receive back from the conquering hand of the allies the legitimate monarch, in whose causeless expulsion they had assisted. They would willingly have had a bit of sugar with the wholesome physic which was forced upon them by English and Prussian bayonets, and they still long for something which may give them an ostensible pretext to say, that their own conduct had not been entirely inconsistent, or their rebellion altogether fruitless. Hence the obstinacy of Buonaparte's two chambers to the very last, in rejecting Louis XVIII. Hence the nicknames of *Le Prefet de l'Angleterre*, and Louis *l'Inevitable*, which their wit attached to the restored monarch; and to this feeling of mortified vanity, less than to any real fears of aggression upon their liberties, may be traced their wish to have a king whose title should be connected with the Revolution, and who might owe his crown more to their courtesy than to his own right. But who will warrant



those that set such a dangerous stone rolling, where its course will stop? The body now united in one mass of opposition to the *royalistes purs* comprehend among themselves a hundred various shades of difference, from the Constitutionalist of 1814, to the Republican of 1793, or the Imperialist of Buonaparte's time. It happened regularly in the French revolution, that so soon as one point was gained or yielded, which the popular party represented as an ultimatum, new demands were set up by demagogues, who affected to plead still higher doctrines of freedom than those with which their predecessors had remained satisfied; the force of those who had been satisfied with the concessions being uniformly found insufficient to defend the breach they themselves had stormed, until all merged in anarchy, and anarchy itself in military tyranny. We have seen already the progress of an Orleans faction, as well as its fatal termination. We have no desire to give another whirl to the revolutionary E O table, or once more to shuffle the cards for the chance of turning up such trumps as will best suit the political gamblers of the Palais Royal.

Besides these two violent parties, one of which aims to restore the abrogated tyranny of priests and seigneurs, and the other to render a here-



ditary monarchy an elective one at a sweep, there are two classes of great importance, namely, the army, and the mass of the people. Much must undoubtedly depend on the disposition of the former, which has been for some time accustomed to act as a deliberative body, and which, however mutilated and disjoined, will, like the several portions of a snake, continue long to writhe under the same impulses by which it was agitated when entire. Every effort is now making to place this formidable engine in the hands of the crown, by the dissolution and new-formation of the regiments, by recruits, and by the addition of separate corps, levied in the places most attached to the royal interest. But this is, in a great measure, counteracted by the insane policy which, as we have already noticed, applauds in military men the very conduct that indicates, as in the case of Huningen, and other places defended after the king's restoration, an opposition to his mandates; and if bravery alone shall be accounted a sufficient apology for rebellion, the French government will certainly have enough of both. Were a breach, therefore, to take place at this moment between the King and the Constitutionals, I have little doubt that great part of the army would take part with the latter, though perhaps



more out of pique than principle. The Royalists, with all their vehemence in words, have already shewn how infinitely inferior they are to the opposite party in intrigue, as well as in audacity; and discontented soldiers may be seduced to declare for a change of dynasty, or for a republic, as readily as for a Buonaparte. Besides, distant and secure as is Napoleon's present place of exile, we have but scotched the snake, not killed him; and while life lasts, especially after his extraordinary return from Elba, there will not be wanting many to rely upon a third *avatar* of this singular emanation of the Evil Principle. This is an additional and powerful reason for the king to avoid, in thought, act, and deed, the slightest innovation on the liberties of his subjects as ascertained by the constitutional charter, as a certain means to provoke a contest in which he would prove inferior.

If you ask me, then, what are the legitimate resources of this unfortunate monarch, placed between the extremes of two violent factions, I would answer, that, under God, I conceive them to rest upon the good-will of the mass of the people of France. The agitators and intriguers of both parties bear an exceedingly small proportion to the numbers of those who only desire



peace, tranquillity, and the enjoyment of the fruits of their industry, under a mild and steady government. With this class of people Louis XVIII. is deservedly popular; their tears attended his expulsion, and their rejoicings his return. It is true that this general feeling of good-will and affection was not strong enough to bring armies to the field, though it threw great obstacles in the way of the usurper; but it is also true, that this class of Loyalists were taken totally at un-awares, and became only apprized of their danger when it was too late to take measures for encountering a veteran army, masters of all the fortresses in the kingdom. The general class of proprietors are also (for the present) disheartened, drained of the young and active spirits whom Buonaparte sacrificed in his wars, rendered callous by habit to the various changes of government, and more passive under each than it is possible for Englishmen to comprehend. But there is very generally among the middling orders in France, and among all, indeed, who are above the lowest vulgar, a kind and affectionate feeling towards the king, well deserved by his mild and paternal character, and which further experience of the blessings of peace, and of a settled government, will kindle into zealous attachment. The best policy of the monarch is, to repress the



ardent tempers of the clergy and nobles ; to teach them that their real interest depends upon the crown ; and that they will themselves be the first sufferers, if they give pretext for a new attack upon the Bourbons, by setting up pretensions equally antiquated and ill adapted with a free government. At the same time it may be necessary for the king, by exhibiting vigour and decision in his measures, to convince the more violent of the opposite faction that they cannot renew their attempts against the throne with the facility and impunity which heretofore have attended them. The very violence with which these parties oppose each other affords the king the means of mediating betwixt both. Let the people at length see clearly that the king desires no more than his own share in the constitution, but that he stands prepared to defend his own rights, as well as theirs. It may, perhaps, take some time to awaken the indifferent from that palsy of the mind which we have alluded to, and to put to rest the jealous fears of the proprietors of national property. But good faith and persevering steadiness on the part of the crown may accomplish both, and with these fears will subside the hopes entertained by those who delight in change ; revolution will become difficult in proportion as its chance of success shall



disappear; the ardent spirits who have frequented its dangerous paths will seek more pacific avenues to wealth and distinction; and from being her own plague and the terror of her neighbours, France may again be happy in herself, and the most graceful ornament in the European commonwealth.

Upon the subject of awakening France to her true interests, use might surely be made of the principle uppermost in the heart of every Frenchman, and which is capable of guiding him to much good or evil, — the interest, namely, which high and low take in the glory of their country. Through the abuse of this sentiment, (noble in itself, because disinterested,) Napoleon was enabled to consolidate his usurped government in such a manner that it required all his own rashness to undermine it. Did the people ask for bread? — he showed them a temple. Did they require of him the blood of their children? — he detailed to them a victory, — and they retired, satisfied that, if they suffered or wept, France had been rendered illustrious and victorious. It cannot be, that so strong and disinterested a sentiment should be applicable to evil purposes alone; nor do I believe the French so void of reflection or common sense, as not to be made capable, by experience, of



valuing themselves as much upon personal freedom, an equal system of laws, a flourishing state of finance, good faith to other nations, and those moral qualities which equally adorn a people and individuals, as they now esteem their country decorated by an unnecessary palace, or by a bloody and fruitless victory. It is true, that the reformation must begin where the corruption was first infused, and that, although converts may be gained gradually to the cause of sound reason, yet we must necessarily be obliged to wait the effects of a better education upon the rising race, before real and genuine patriotism can be generally substituted for what is at present merely national vanity.

This appetite for glory has of late been fed with such unsubstantial food, as has apparently rendered the French indifferent to the distinction betwixt what is unreal and what is solid. Any thing connected with show and splendour, — any thing, as Bayes says, calculated to surprise and elevate, is what they expect from their governors, as regularly as the children of London expect a new pantomime at Christmas. Buonaparte contrived to drown the murmurs which attended his return to Paris, in the universal speculation which he excited by announcing his purpose of holding a *Champ de Mai*, which is much the same as if



William III. had paved the way to the throne by summoning a *Wittenagemot*. In England, some would have thought the Prince of Orange had lost his senses, and some, that he was speaking Dutch. But all in England knew the meaning of a National Convention, the denomination by which William distinguished the assembly which he convoked. In Paris, it was exactly the contrary — the people did not want to see a national convention, or a national assembly either — they knew, like Costard, “where until that did amount;” but the Champ de Mai was something new, something not easily comprehended; and it would have been a motive with many against expelling Buonaparte prematurely, that they would have lost the sight of the Champ de Mai. And thus they sacrificed their good sense to their curiosity, and showed their minds were more bent on the form of the assembly than on its ends and purposes. After all, the *fete* was indifferently got up, and gave little satisfaction, notwithstanding the plumes and trains of the principal actors. But still it had its use. The Bourbons have been compelled also to sacrifice to this idol; and the king is himself obliged, contrary to his own good sense and taste, to conform to this passion for theatrical effect. A man, for example, was condemned to death, to whom it had been resolved



to extend the royal pardon, and the king imagined, *tout bonnement*, that he had nothing to do but issue one from his chancery. But no — that would have been to defraud the public of their share in the scene. So he was advised to go (by pure accident) in the course of his evening drive, into some remote corner of the city, where he was to meet (also accidentally) with the municipality, who were to fall on their knees, and beg mercy for this delinquent, which the king was then to grant with characteristic grace and bounty, and all the bye-standers were to shout *Vive le Roi!* It must not be supposed that a nation, so shrewd and ingenious as the French, are really blinded by these exhibitions *got up* for their amusement. But they are entertained for the time, and are no more disgusted with the want of reality in the drama, than with the trees upon the stage for being made of pasteboard. They consider the accompaniments as of more importance than the real object of the representation, and fall under the censure due to Prior's

——— idle dreamer,

Who leaves the pye to gnaw the streamer.

To reclaim hawks which have been accustomed to so wild a flight, requires all the address of a



falconer. Yet there is at the bottom a strong fund of disinterested patriotism to work upon; for who will deny its existence to a people, the bulk of whom have, on all occasions, thought always of the nation, and never of themselves individually? Should, therefore, the present king meet with a minister calculated, like Fabius, to arrest immediate dangers, and protract or evade angry discussions, until such a long train of quiet shall have elapsed, that men's minds have become estranged from all ideas of force and violence, he may, even in his own time, lay such a foundation of a better system, as will lead future Frenchmen to place their pride less in vain parade or military glory, than in the freedom, arts, and happiness of France.

The approaching meeting of the National Representatives, if they meet, as the time so peremptorily demands, in the spirit, not of partizans, but of conciliators, may do much to accelerate so desirable an issue. But it is too much to be feared, that it will be found very difficult to assemble such a body of representatives, as may be justly considered as the organ of the nation. Could such a senate be convoked, we should hear on every side the language of peace and moderation, nor would the debates be warmer or more obstinate, than is necessary for elucidation of



the measures proposed. Such an assembly, in the name of the proprietors of France, would deprecate the senseless agitation of theoretical questions, would recommend brief sentence on a limited and narrow selection of the principal agents of the last usurpation, whose fate seems essential to the vindication of justice, and the intimidation of the disaffected; and when that painful duty was executed, would proceed with joy to the more agreeable task of promulgating such a general amnesty as would throw a perpetual veil over the crimes and errors of that unhappy period. I might add, that such a senate would proceed by secret committees to tent the wounds of the country, to turn their attention towards the state of religion and morals, and to ensure the means of bringing up the rising generation, at least, free from the errors of their fathers. In their adjustment of foreign relations, such a council of state would recollect, that if the country had suffered reiterated humiliation, it was in consequence of reiterated aggression; and, avoiding painful and irritating discussions concerning the past, they would offer by such moderation the surest guarantee for peace and amity in future. Such would be the language of the representatives of the people, did they really speak the sense of the proprietors of France —



not that those proprietors are sufficiently enlightened to recommend the special measures for attaining peace and tranquillity, but because they are sighing for that state of good order to which the measures of an enlightened representation ought to conduct them. But I have doubts whether this calm and wise course can be expected from the senators to be shortly assembled, since we hear of nothing on all sides but the exertions made by the two political factions of Royalists and Liberalists to procure returns of their own partizans. We must, therefore, prepare to witness a warm, and, perhaps, a deadly war waged between two contending parties, of which one proposes a complete reaction and restoration of things, as they stood in the reign of Louis XV., with the advantages perhaps of new confiscations to avenge those by which they were themselves ruined, and the other proposing a gratuitous and uncalled-for alteration of the laws of succession, while each is content to hazard in the attempt a renewal of the horrors of the Revolution.

You may wonder that a spirit should be expected to prevail among the representatives so different from that of the mass of the people by whom they are chosen. The cause seems to be, that these gradations, not of rank only, but of



education, intelligence, and habits of thinking upon political men and measures, which enable Englishmen both to chuse representatives, and to watch their conduct when chosen, cannot at present be said to exist in France. Those who propose themselves as candidates are men altogether distinct in their habits of thinking from the voters whom they are to represent. They are considered as politicians by profession, as men belonging to a class entitled exclusively to be chosen, and who, when chosen, relieve their electors from all further trouble in watching or directing their political conduct. The electors may assemble in their organic colleges, and may give their suffrages to a candidate for the Chamber of Representatives; but it will be in the same manner as they might chuse a person to repair the town-clock, when almost all the voters are ignorant of the means which the artist is to adopt for its regulation, and probably some of them cannot tell the hour by the dial-plate when the machine is put in order. On the contrary, the class in England upon whom the election of parliament devolves, are trained to their task by long habit, by being freeholders, members of common councils, vestries, and other public bodies, or by hearing affairs of a public nature discussed upon all occasions, whether of



business or pleasure, and are thereby habituated to consider themselves as members of the body politic. Though, therefore, many may be seduced by interest, biassed by influence, or deluded by prejudice, there will be found among the mass of the British electors, taken generally over the kingdom, a capacity of judging of the fitness of their representatives, a distinct power of observing with attention their conduct in their high office; and they possess means also, collectively speaking, of making their own opinion heard and respected, when there is pressing occasion for it.

I do not mention this difference between the inhabitants of the two countries, as a reason for refusing to France the benefits of a free representation, but to shew, that, for some time at least, it cannot have the salutary effect upon the political horizon of that country which arises from the like institution in our own, where there exists an intimate and graduated connection between the representative and electors, a general diffusion of political knowledge, and a systematic gradation from the member of parliament to the lowest freeholder; — where, in short, there is a common feeling between the representative and his constituent, the one knowing the nature of the power delegated, as well as the



other does that which he receives, and both, though differing in extent of information, having something like common views upon the same subject. It may be long ere this general diffusion of political information takes place in France. It will, however, follow, if time is allowed for it, by years of peace, and of that good order which promotes quiet and general discussion of political rights. A freeholder, who suffered free-quarters from pandours and cossacks twice in one year, has scarce tranquillity of mind sufficient to attend to theoretical privileges and maxims of state. But if called upon repeatedly to exercise his right of suffrage, he will gradually begin to comprehend the meaning of it, and to interest himself in the conduct of the representative to whom he gives his voice. Thus, as free-men make a free constitution, so a free constitution, if not innovated upon, and rendered ineffectual, will in time create a general and wholesome freedom of spirit amongst those who have to exercise the privileges which it bestows. Did such a general feeling now exist in France, we should not have to apprehend the desperate results which may attend the struggle of two parties only intent upon their own factious interests — a nobility and clergy, on the one hand, eager to resume privileges inconsistent



with general freedom, and on the other, a factious oligarchy, of considerable talent and little principle, prepared to run the race of the Brissotins in 1792, and to encounter all the risques with which it was proved to be attended.

To the dangers of this collision of steel and flint, is to be added that which arises from the quantity of tinder and touchwood, which lies scattered around to catch and foster every spark of fire; — an army dishonoured and discontented, bands of royalists, half-organized soldiers, half-voluntary partizans, thousands whom Buonaparte had employed in his extended system of espionage and commercial regulation; hundreds, also, of a higher class, selected generally for talent, activity, and lack of principle, who have now lost their various posts, as Mairis, Prefets, Sous prefets, Commis, and so forth — all of whom would find their interest in a civil war. And what will restrain the factious from pushing the crisis to this extremity? Only a jealous fear of the allies, whose occupation of the fortresses in the north of France will, in that case, prove her best security; or perhaps the slender chance, that the members of the representation may be wise enough to sacrifice their mutual feuds to the general weal, and remember that they are summoned to wage their



contest with the arms of courtesy, and not to push political debate into revolutionary frenzy. I leave them, therefore, with a sincere wish that they may not forget, in the vehemence of their internal dissensions, the duty which they owe to a distracted public, which they may at pleasure involve in a civil war by their mutual violence, or save from that dreadful crisis by their temper and moderation.

You must not expect from me any general view of French manners, or habits of society; and it is the less necessary, as you will find ample means of forming your judgment in the very spirited and acute work of Mr John Scott, published during the preceding year. I am inclined to think, that while he has touched the French vices and follies with enough of severity, he may not in some instances have done full justice to the gallant, *aimable*, and lively disposition, by which, in spite of an execrable education, and worse government, that people are still widely distinguished from other nations on the continent. But the ingenious author had prescience enough to discover the latent danger of the royal government of 1814, when it was disguised and disowned by the members of that government themselves; nor has he in these affairs omitted an opportunity to plead the cause



of freedom, religion, and morality, against that of tyranny, infidelity, and licentiousness. I ought also to mention the travels in France in the years 1814—15, the joint production of two young gentlemen, whose taste for literature is hereditary; and I am informed, that another ingenious friend, (Mr S——n of Edinburgh,) whose extreme assiduity in collecting information cannot fail to render his journal interesting, intends to give it to the public.\* To such works I may safely refer you for an ample description of Paris, its environs, public places, and state of manners.

I should willingly have endeavoured to form my own views of the state of French society, as well as of their politics; but the time has been altogether unfavourable, as the persons of fashion in Paris have either retired to the country, or live in strict seclusion from foreigners, upon principles which it is impossible not to respect. The strangers, therefore, who now occupy this capital, form a class altogether distinct from the native inhabitants, and seek for society among

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\* This pledge has been amply redeemed by Mr Simpson's lively and interesting "Visit to Flanders."



each other. It was very different, I am told, upon the former entry of the allied troops, which for some time the Parisians regarded more as a pacification than a conquest. The Russian and Prussian officers were then eagerly sought after, and caressed by the French nobility; and the allied monarchs, on entering the Parisian theatres, were received with the same honours as in their own. But this is all over. The last cast was too absolute for victory or ruin, and the dye has turned up against France. One class of Frenchmen lament the event of the war as a national misfortune; and even those who have the advantage of it, feel that, in its cause, progress, and conclusion, it will be recorded as a national disgrace. "You own yourself," said I to a lively French friend, a great anti-imperialist, as he writhed his face and shrugged when he passed a foreign officer, "you own yourself, that they only treated your countrymen as they have merited." — "Very true — and the man that is hanged has no more than his deserts — but I don't like to look at the hang-man."

Amid this dereliction, you must not suppose that we sojourners in Paris suffer solitude for want of good society. The extended hospitality of the Duke of Wellington, and of Lord and Lady Castlereagh, has afforded rallying points



to the numerous English strangers, who have an opportunity of meeting, in their parties, with almost all the owners of those distinguished names, which for three years past have filled the trumpet of fame. Our minister, whose name will be read with distinction in this proud page of our annals, and to whose determined steadiness in council much of the success of 1814 is unquestionably due, occupies the palace of Pauline Borghese, now that of the British embassy. The Duke of Wellington lives in a large hotel at the corner of the Rue des Champs Elysées, furnished most elaborately by some wealthy courtier of Napoleon. Among its chief ornaments, is a very fine picture of the ex-emperor, and a most excellent bust of the same personage. It is a thing to remember, that I have seen in that hotel, so ornamented, the greatest and the bravest whom Europe can send forth from Petersburg to Cadiz, assembled upon the invitation of the British General, and yielding to him, by general assent, the palm of military pre-eminence. In mentioning those whose attentions rendered the residence of the British at Paris pleasant and interesting, I ought not to forget Lord Cathcart, whose situation as ambassador to the Russian court gave him opportunities of gratifying the curiosity of his countrymen, by



presenting them to the Emperor, who has of late played such a distinguished part in European history, and by making them known to such men as Barclay de Tolli, Platow, Czernicheff, and other heroes of Kalouga and Beresina, where the spear of the mighty was first broken. Besides the notice of these public characters, my stay in Paris was made happy by the society of many friends, both in the civil and military departments. You know my inherent partiality for the latter class, when they add gentle manners and good information to the character of their profession; and I can assure you, that as there never was a period when our soldiers were more respected for discipline and bravery, so the character of the British officers for gallantry and humanity, for general information, and for the breeding of gentlemen, never stood higher than at the capture of Paris. In such society, whatever secret discontents might in reality exist, Paris was to us like a frozen lake, over whose secret and fathomless gulphs we could glide without danger or apprehension; and I shall always number the weeks I have spent here among the happiest of my life.

In a short time, it is imagined, the greater part of the foreign troops will be withdrawn towards their own countries, or to the occupation of



the fortresses they are to hold in guarantee. It will then be seen whether the good intentions of the king, and the general desire of the country for peace, will be sufficient to maintain the public tranquillity of France amid the collision of so many angry passions; and there will, at the worst, remain this consolation, that if this restless people should draw the sword upon each other, effectual precautions have been taken by the allies to prevent them from again disturbing the peace of Europe.

With the hope of speedily rejoining the beloved circle round the fire-side, and acting, in virtue of my travelled experience, the referee in all political disputes, I am ever your affectionate friend,

PAUL.

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# APPENDIX.



APPENDIX



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## APPENDIX, No. I.

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### RELATION

*De ce que Napoléon Buonaparte a fait et dit dans la journée du 18 Juin, 1815, pendant et après la Bataille de Waterloo; rédigée sur les dépositions de Jean-Baptiste de Coster, qui lui servit de guide dans cette journée.*

JEAN-BAPTISTE DE-COSTER, âgé d'environ 53 ans, né au village de Corbeek-loo près de Louvain, depuis 33 ans habite le pays Wallon. Il a 5 pieds 10 pouces, et est d'une complexion assez robuste. Il est intelligent, et répond avec une grande apparence de vérité aux questions qu'on lui fait. Il s'exprime avec facilité, et comprend très-bien le Français.



De Coster occupait, avant l'invasion de Napoléon, un petit cabaret, avec deux bonniers (environ six arpens) de terre. A l'approche de l'armée française, le 17, il se retira, avec sa famille, composée de sa femme et de 7 enfans, dans le bois de l'abbaye d'Awyiers, où il passa la nuit du samedi au dimanche. A six heures du matin, il sortit du bois pour se rendre à l'église, et delà, à la maison de son frère, située à Planchenoit. Il y trouva trois généraux français qui lui demandèrent s'il habitait le pays depuis long-tems, et s'il connaissait bien les environs. Sur sa réponse affirmative, l'un d'eux l'envoya à Napoléon, accompagné d'un domestique, et avec une lettre.

Napoléon avait passé la nuit dans la ferme le Caillou, et en était parti à six heures. De Coster le trouva dans la ferme nommée Rossum, où il arriva à 8 heures, et fut de suite présenté à Buonaparte, qui se tenait debout, dans une chambre d'environ 20 pieds de long sur 16 de large, au milieu d'un grand nombre d'officiers de son état-major. Buonaparte lui demanda s'il était bien instruit des localités du pays, et s'il voulait lui servir de guide. De Coster ayant répondu d'une manière satisfaisante, Napoléon lui dit qu'il l'accompagnerait, en ajoutant: «parlez-moi, mon ami, avec franchise, et comme si vous étiez avec vos enfans.»



La ferme Rossum est située près de celle nommée la Belle Alliance. L'Empereur s'y arrêta jusqu'à près de midi. Pendant ce tems, De Coster était gardé à vue, dans la cour de la ferme, par un soldat de la garde, qui, en se promenant avec lui, l'instruisit des forces de l'armée, et lui dit qu'ils étaient, en passant les frontières, 150,000 hommes, dont 40,000 de cavalerie, parmi lesquels étaient 9000 cuirassiers, 7000 hommes de la jeune garde, et 8 à 9000 de la vieille. Ce même soldat louait beaucoup la bravoure que les Anglais avaient déployée aux Quatre Bras. Il admirait particulièrement l'intrépide sang-froid des Montagnards écossais, qui ne bougeaient, disait-il dans son langage militaire, que lorsqu'on leur mettait la baïonnette au derrière.

Pendant que De Coster se tenait ainsi dans la cour de la ferme, Buonaparte le fit appeler, à trois reprises différentes, pour lui demander des renseignemens sur les cartes du pays, qu'il consultait constamment. Il le questionna principalement sur la distance des différentes villes du Brabant au champ de bataille, et lui fit dire qu'elles étaient les villes qu'il avait vues dans sa jeunesse. De Coster en nomma quatorze, ce qui parut faire plaisir à Buonaparte. Il témoigna aussi beaucoup de satisfaction d'apprendre que



De Coster était flamand, et parlait également bien le flamand et le wallon. Il lui recommandait sur-tout de ne lui donner que des renseignemens certains, et de répondre aux choses dont il ne serait pas assuré, en haussant simplement les épaules. Il répétait souvent ces instructions, en ajoutant que s'il réussissait, sa récompense serait cent fois plus forte qu'il ne pouvait l'imaginer. Il l'affranchit aussi de toute marque particulière de respect, lui disant que sans ôter le bonnet de nuit qu'il portait, il n'avait qu'à saluer en mettant la main au front.

A midi Buonaparte sortit avec son état-major, et se plaça sur une hauteur à côté de la chaussée, à une très-petite distance en arrière de la ferme, d'où il dominait tout le champ de bataille. On vint bientôt lui dire que l'attaque de la ferme et du château d'Hougoumont, qu'il avait fait commencer à 11 heures, n'avait pas eu de succès.\*

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\* De Coster pense que ce qui a empêché cette tentative de réussir, était un mur dont le château est intérieurement entouré, et qu'une haie, qui forme une première enceinte extérieure, cachait aux Français. 4000 hommes se trouvaient à l'abri derrière ce mur, contre lequel les balles Françaises venaient frapper.



A 1 heure la bataille devint générale. Buonaparte resta dans cette première station, avec tout son état-major, jusqu'à 5 heures. Il était à pied, et marchait constamment en long et en large, quelquefois les bras croisés, le plus souvent les mains derrière le dos, en tenant les pouces dans les poches de sa redingotte, couleur d'ardoise. Il avait les yeux fixés sur la bataille, et tirait alternativement sa montre et sa tabatière. De Coster, qui était à cheval près de lui, remarqua plusieurs fois sa montre. Buonaparte s'apercevant qu'il prenait aussi du tabac, et qu'il n'en avait plus, lui en donna à plusieurs reprises.

Lorsqu'il vit que ses tentatives pour enlever la position du château d'Hougoumont avaient été vainement réitérées, il prit un cheval, quitta à 5 heures la ferme Rossum, et se portant en avant, vint se placer vis-à-vis de la maison de Coster, à une portée de fusil de La Belle Alliance. Il resta dans cette seconde station jusqu'à 7 heures. C'est dans ce moment, que le premier, il aperçut, au moyen de sa lunette, les Prussiens arriver. Il en fit part à son aide-camp qui, ayant également dirigé sa lunette de leur côté, les vit aussi. Quelques minutes après, un officier vint lui annoncer que le corps de Bulow approchait; Buonaparte lui répondit



qu'il le savait bien, et donna des ordres pour que sa Garde fît un mouvement sur le centre de l'armée Anglaise. Lui-même, se portant de nouveau en avant, et au galop, il alla se placer avec son état-major, dans un ravin formé par la chaussée, à moitié chemin de La Belle Alliance à La Haye Sainte. Cette position fut la troisième et la dernière.

Buonaparte et sa suite avaient couru de grands dangers pour arriver à ce ravin; un boulet emporta même le pommeau de la selle d'un de ses officiers sans toucher, ni lui, ni son cheval. Buonaparte se contenta de lui dire froidement qu'il fallait se tenir dans le ravin.

Il y avait dans cet endroit, des deux côtés de la route, une batterie; s'apercevant qu'un des canons de celle de gauche ne faisait pas bon feu, il descendit de cheval, monta sur la crête du chemin, et s'avança jusqu'à la troisième pièce, dont il rectifia le jeu, pendant que les boulets et les balles sifflaient autour de lui. Il revint tranquillement, les mains dans les poches de sa redingotte, se remettre au milieu de ses officiers.

Etant dans cette position, il vit les huit bataillons de la vieille Garde, à qui il avait donné ordre d'enfoncer le centre de l'armée Anglaise, se porter sur la Haye Sainte. Trois de ces ba-



taillons furent détruits sous ses yeux, en traversant la chaussée, par le feu de la ferme et des batteries; néanmoins les Français s'en rendirent maîtres, et les Hanovriens qui loccupaient, furent obligés de se rendre, faute de munition.

Pour soutenir la Garde à pied, Buonaparte fit avancer sa Garde à cheval, composée de 8 à 9 régimens. Il attendait avec la plus vive anxiété le résultat de cette charge, lorsqu'il vit cette élite de son armée anéantie en un instant, en montant le coteau sur lequel est située la Haye Sainte. Cette tentative fut la dernière; en voyant sa vieille Garde détruite, il perdit tout espoir, et se tournant vers Bertrand, il lui dit: «à présent c'est fini; sauvons nous.»

Il était huit heures et demie. Sans prendre aucune mesure, sans donner aucun ordre, et mettant tous ses soins à éviter les Prussiens, Buonaparte, accompagné de son état-major, se mit à galoper jusqu'à Genappe, en longeant la chaussée à une certaine distance dans les terres. Seulement en passant devant une batterie de 14 pièces, qui était près de l'observatoire, il ordonna qu'avant de l'abandonner, on tirât 14 coups de chaque pièce.

Lorsqu'il arriva à Genappe, il était neuf heures et demie. L'unique rue qui forme ce village, était tellement encombrée de caissons et de ca-



nons, qu'il lui fallut une heure entière pour le traverser lui et son état-major, en longeant les maisons qui ne contenaient plus d'habitans. Il n'y avait cependant pas d'autre chemin à prendre, à cause que la gauche était occupée par les Prussiens, et qu'il n'y avait pas d'autre pont que celui de Genappe pour traverser la rivière qui y passe.

De Genappe, il se dirigea sur les Quatre Bras, en pressant de nouveau le pas, toujours dans la crainte que les Prussiens ne le prévinssent. Il fut plus tranquille lorsqu'il eut passé ce dernier endroit, et même, arrivé à Gossely, il descendit de cheval et fit à pied le reste du chemin jusqu'à Charleroy; c'est-à-dire, à-peu-près une lieue. Il traversa Charleroy à cheval, à deux heures et demie environ, et entra dans une prairie nommée Marcenelle, de l'autre côté de la ville. Là, on lui fit un grand feu, et on lui apporta deux verres et deux bouteilles de vin, qu'il but avec ses officiers. Il ne prit aucune autre nourriture. On répandit sur la prairie un sac d'avoine que les chevaux mangèrent tout bridés. A cinq heures moins un quart, après avoir pris un autre guide, (à qui on donna le cheval dont s'était servi De Coster,) il remonta à cheval, fit à De Coster une inclination de tête, et partit. Bertrand remit à De Coster pour



tout salaire, un Napoléon simple, et disparut également, ainsi que tout l'état-major, laissant seul De Coster, qui fut obligé de revenir chez lui à pied.

Pendant tout le tems qu'il avait passé avec Buonaparte, De Coster ne fut aucunement maltraité; seulement, lorsque dans la fuite, ils furent arrivés aux Quatre Bras, un des officiers, s'étant aperçu qu'un second guide qu'ils avaient avec eux, s'était évadé, attacha, par mesure de précaution, la bride du cheval de De Coster à la selle du sien.

Depuis le moment qu'il avait commencé sa retraite jusqu'à son arrivée dans la prairie de Marcenelle, Buonaparte ne s'était arrêté nulle part, et n'avait parlé à personne. Il n'avait pris aucune nourriture depuis qu'il était sorti de la ferme Rossum, et même, à ce que pense De Coster, il n'avait rien pris depuis six heures du matin.

Les dangers de la bataille ne paraissaient nullement l'émouvoir. De Coster, que la peur agita beaucoup, se baissait fréquemment sur le cou de son cheval pour éviter les boulets qu'il entendait siffler audessus de sa tête. Buonaparte lui en témoigna plusieurs fois du mécontentement, en lui disant que ces mouvemens faisaient croire à ses officiers, qu'il était atteint;



il ajoutait qu'il n'éviterait pas plus les boulets en se couchant qu'en se tenant droit.

Pendant la bataille, il lui arriva souvent de rendre justice à la bravoure de l'armée qui lui était opposée; il loua principalement les Chevaux-Gris écossais, et exprimait du regret de les voir tant souffrir, pendant qu'ils manœuvraient si bien, et qu'ils maniaient si adroitement le sabre.

Jusqu'à cinq heures et demie, il avait conservé le meilleur espoir, et répétait à chaque instant; tout allait bien. Ses Généraux partageaient avec lui cet espoir. Au reste il a montré pendant toute l'action le même calme et le même sang-froid, sans manifester jamais d'humeur, et parlant toujours avec une grande douceur à ses officiers.

Il n'a été dans aucun moment en danger d'être pris, ayant eu, même à la troisième station, où il était le plus près de l'ennemi, 12 pièces de canon et 3000 grenadiers de sa garde autour de lui.

Il ne fit aucun usage de l'observatoire construit six semaines avant la bataille par les ingénieurs Hollandais.

Dans la fuite il recevait assez fréquemment des nouvelles de l'armée, par des officiers qui étaient parvenus à échapper à la poursuite des alliés.

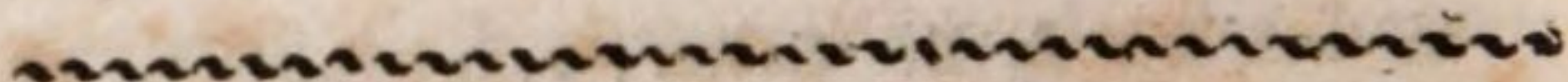


La maison de De Coster, ayant servi au bivouac des Français, les portes et les fenêtres, et tout le bois qu'elle contenait furent brûlés. Le loyer qu'il payait était de 100 francs; le propriétaire, après l'avoir réparée, l'a louée à un autre pour 125 francs. De Coster demeure maintenant au hameau de Joli-Bois, sur la chaussée entre Waterloo et Mont Saint Jean.

Cette relation a été rédigée à Waterloo, le 8 Janvier 1816, à l'auberge de Jean De Nivelles, d'après les réponses de Coster aux questions qui lui furent faites. Elle lui a été relue le lendemain, et corrigée sur ses observations.

*A Bruxelles, le 12 Janvier 1816.*





## TRANSLATION

OF

## APPENDIX No. I.

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RELATION

*Of what was done and said by Napoleon Buonaparte in the course of the 18th of June, 1815, during and after the Battle of Waterloo: — Drawn up from the Depositions of Jean Baptiste De Coster, who served him as Guide on that Day.*

JEAN BAPTISTE DE COSTER, aged about 53, born in the village of Corbeek-loo, near Louvain, has resided in the Walloon country for 33 years. He is 5 feet 10 inches high, and of a robust appearance. He is intelligent, and answers the



questions put to him with an air of great sincerity. He expresses himself with facility, and understands French very well.

Before the invasion of Buonaparte, De Coster occupied a little inn, with about six acres of ground. On the approach of the French army on the 17th, he retired with his family, composed of his wife and seven children, into the wood of the abbey of Awyiers, where he spent the night between the Saturday and Sunday. At six in the morning, he left the wood to go to church, and from thence to the house of his brother, situated at Planchenoit. He found there three French generals, who asked him if he had lived long in the country, and if he was well acquainted with the neighbourhood. On his answering in the affirmative, one of them sent him to Napoleon, accompanied by a domestic, and with a letter.

Napoleon had passed the night in the farmhouse of Caillou, and had left it at six o'clock. De Coster found him in the farm-house called Rossum, where he arrived at eight o'clock, and was immediately presented to Buonaparte, who was standing in a room about 20 feet long and 16 broad, in the middle of a great many officers of his staff. Buonaparte asked him if he was well acquainted with the *localities* of the



country, and if he was willing to act as his guide. De Coster having given a satisfactory answer, Napoleon told him that he should accompany him, adding, "Speak to me, my friend, with frankness, and as if you were among your children."

The farm of Rossum is situated near that called La Belle Alliance. The emperor stopped there till almost noon. During this time, De Coster was kept in view, in the court-yard of the farm, by a soldier of the guard, who, while walking with him, informed him of the strength of the army, telling him that it consisted, on passing the frontiers, of 150,000 men, of whom 40,000 were cavalry, among which latter troops were 9000 cuirassiers, 7000 of the young guard, and 8 to 9000 of the old guard. This soldier bestowed great praise on the bravery which the English had displayed at Quatre Bras. He particularly admired the intrepid *sang-froid* of the Scotch Highlanders, "who would not budge," said he, in his military phrase, "but when the bayonet was put to their posteriors."

While De Coster thus remained in the court-yard of the farm-house, Buonaparte made him be called three different times, to ask him in-



formation as to the maps of the country, which he was incessantly consulting. He questioned him chiefly on the distance of the different towns of Brabant from the field of battle, and made him say what were the towns he had seen in his youth. De Coster named fourteen, which seemed to please Buonaparte. He expressed also much satisfaction on hearing that De Coster was a Fleming, and that he spoke the Flemish and Walloon languages equally well. He recommended to him above all, to give nothing but certain information, and to answer to things of which he was not assured, merely by shrugging his shoulders. He frequently repeated these intimations, adding, that if he succeeded, his (De Coster's) reward should be a hundred times greater than he could imagine. He freed him also from any particular mark of respect, telling him, that, without taking off the night-cap which he wore, he had only to salute by putting his hand to his forehead.

At noon, Buonaparte went out with his staff, and placed himself on an eminence by the side of the causeway, at a very little distance in rear of the farm, from whence he had a view of the whole field of battle. Persons very soon came to tell him, that the attack on the farm and chateau of Hougoumont, which he had ordered



to commence at eleven o'clock, had not succeeded.\*

At one o'clock the battle became general. Buonaparte remained in his first station, with all his staff, till five o'clock. He was on foot, and walked constantly backwards and forwards, sometimes with his arms crossed, but more frequently with his hands behind his back, and with his thumbs in the pockets of his slate-coloured great-coat. He had his eyes fixed on the battle, and took out alternately his watch and snuff-box. De Coster, who was on horse-back near him, frequently remarked his watch. Buonaparte, perceiving that he also took snuff, and that he had no more, frequently gave him some.

When he saw that his attempts to carry the position of the chateau to Hougoumont had been

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\* De Coster thinks, that what hindered this attempt from succeeding, was a wall which surrounds the chateau in the inside, and which was concealed from the French by a hedge which surrounds it on the outside. Four thousand men found shelter behind this wall, while it was struck by the French balls.



vainly reiterated, he took a horse, quitted the farm of Rossum at five o'clock, and, moving forward, placed himself opposite to the house of De Coster, at the distance of a gun-shot from La Belle Alliance. He remained in this second station till seven o'clock. It was at that moment that he first perceived, by means of his glass, the arrival of the Prussians; he mentioned it to his aide-de-camp, who, having directed his glass towards them, saw them also. Some minutes afterwards, an officer came to inform him that the corps of Bulow was approaching: Buonaparte answered, that he knew it, and gave orders that his guards should make a movement on the centre of the English army. He himself, again moving forward at the gallop, went and placed himself, with his staff, in a ravine formed by the causeway, half way between La Belle Alliance and La Haye Sainte. This was his third and last position.

Buonaparte and his suite had been in great danger before arriving at this ravine: a ball even carried away the pommel of the saddle of one of his officers, without either touching him or his horse. Buonaparte merely told him coldly, that he ought to keep within the ravine.

There were at this place batteries on both sides of the road. Perceiving that one of the



guns of the battery on the left was not making a good fire, he alighted from his horse, mounted on the height at the side of the road, and advanced to the third gun, the firing of which he rectified, while cannon and musket-balls were whistling round him. He returned with tranquillity, with his hands in the pockets of his great-coat, and took his place among his officers.

In this position, he saw the eight battalions of the old guard, to whom he had given orders to penetrate the centre of the English army, advance upon La Haye Sainte. Three of these battalions were destroyed before his eyes, while crossing the causeway, by the fire from the farm house and batteries; nevertheless the French made themselves masters of them, and the Hanoverians who occupied them were obliged to surrender for want of ammunition.

To support his foot-guards, Buonaparte brought forward his horse-guards, composed of eight or nine regiments. He was waiting with the utmost anxiety the result of this charge, when he saw this *élite* of his army annihilated in an instant, while ascending the bank on which La Haye Sainte is situated. This was the last attempt: when he saw the old guard destroyed, he lost all hope; and, turning to Bertrand, said, "All is now over — let us save ourselves."



It was half an hour past eight. Without taking any measure, — without giving any orders, — and thinking only of escaping the Prussians, Buonaparte, accompanied by his staff, set off at full speed for Genappe, following the line of the causeway at a certain distance in the fields. Once only, in passing a battery of fourteen guns, he ordered, before abandoning it, fourteen shots to be fired from each gun.

It was half-past nine o'clock when he arrived at Genappe. The single street which forms this village was so choaked up with caissons and cannon, that it took a whole hour for him and his staff to get through it, passing along the houses, which now were void of inhabitants. There was, however, no other road to take, because the left was occupied by the Prussians, and there was no other bridge but that of Genappe for crossing the river.

From Genappe he directed his course towards Les Quatre Bras, pressing on with renewed haste, and always in the apprehension of being prevented by the Prussians. When he had passed this last place he was more tranquil; and when he arrived at Gossely, he even lighted from his horse, and went the rest of the way to Charleroi (that is to say, nearly a league) on foot. He passed through Charleroi on horseback, at about



half-past two in the morning, and went into a meadow called Marcenelle, beyond the town. There a large fire was made for him, and two glasses and two bottles of wine were brought, which he drank with his officers; he took no other refreshment. A sack of oats was scattered on the ground, which the horses ate, bridled as they were. At a quarter before five, after having taken another guide, (who received the horse which De Coster had used,) Buonaparte again mounted his horse, made an inclination of his head to De Coster, and went away. Bertrand gave De Coster a single Napoleon, which was all he received, and disappeared likewise, as did the whole staff, leaving De Coster alone, who was obliged to return home on foot.

During the time that he had passed with Buonaparte, De Coster was not in any respect ill treated: only when, in their flight, they had arrived at Les Quatre Bras, one of the officers, who perceived that a second guide whom they had with them had made off, tied, by way of precaution, the bridle of De Coster's horse to the saddle of his own.

Buonaparte, from the moment he began his retreat till he arrived in the meadow of Marcenelle, did not stop any where, and did not speak to any body. He had taken no nourish-



ment since leaving the farm of Rossum, and as De Coster thinks, he had not even taken any thing since six o'clock in the morning.

He did not appear at all moved by the dangers of the battle. De Coster, who was much afraid, often stooped on his horse's neck to shun the balls which he heard whistling over his head. Buonaparte repeatedly expressed his dissatisfaction at this, telling him, that these movements made the officers believe he was hit; — and added, that he would not shun the balls any better by stooping down than by keeping upright.

During the battle, he had frequent occasions to do justice to the bravery of the army which was opposed to him. He chiefly praised the Scotch Greys, and expressed regret at seeing them suffer so much, while they manœuvered so well, and handled the sabre so dexterously.

Till half-past five he retained good hopes, and repeated every instant that all went well. — His generals partook of these hopes. — It may be added, that during the whole action he displayed the same calmness and *sang-froid*, that he never manifested any ill humour, and spoke always with great gentleness to his officers.

He never was at any time in danger of being taken; having had, even at the third station where he was nearest the enemy, twelve pieces



of cannon and three thousand grenadiers of his guard around him.

He made no use of the observatory constructed six weeks before the battle by the Dutch engineers.

During the flight, he received pretty frequently news of the army, from officers who had succeeded in escaping from the pursuit of the allies.

De Coster's house having been used by the French in their *bivouack*, the doors and windows, and all the wood it contained, were burnt. The rent which he paid for it was 100 francs; the proprietor, after having repaired it, has let it to another person for 125 francs. De Coster resides at present at the hamlet of Joli-Bois, on the high road between Waterloo and Mount St Jean.

This relation was drawn up at Waterloo on the 8th of January, 1816, in the Inn of Jean De Nivelles, from De Coster's answers to the questions put to him. It was read to him next day, and corrected from his observations.

*Brussels, 12th January, 1816.*



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## APPENDIX, No. II.

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*Account of the Defence of Hougoumont, during  
the Battle of Waterloo, on the 18th of June,  
1815.*

BY THE

RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, BART.

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It appears to me, that the battle of Waterloo is the greatest event recorded in history. We all know the important results which have already taken place, owing to the victory we there obtained. Had it been the reverse, it is impossible to calculate the mischief that would have followed. It is not easy keeping together an unsuccessful alliance; and the expences of a protracted war might have proved ruinous to the financial system of



Great Britain, which at present experiences such difficulties, notwithstanding the immense savings which were effected, in consequence of the successful termination of that dreadful conflict.

The battle of Zama is the only event in history that can be put in comparison with that of Waterloo. There, two disciplined armies, under two great generals, were opposed to each other, and the conflict, it may be said, terminated the rivalry between Rome and Carthage. But the results of even that great battle were greatly inferior to those of Waterloo, on which depended, not only the fate of two rival nations, but of Europe, and of the world at large. It is singular that the modern, like the ancient Hannibal, should have laid the foundation of his military fame in Italy, and the modern Scipio in Spain.

Having visited the field of battle, I became anxious to collect detailed information regarding the transactions which had taken place there. The defence of Hougoumont, in particular, struck me as being of peculiar importance; and having applied to some distinguished officers who were employed in that service, by their aid, and from a personal inspection of the place, I have been enabled to draw up the following short account of the circumstances connected with its defence. I am happy in this opportunity of contributing to do justice to the British Guards who there so gallantly



maintained the character they have long enjoyed, for firmness, intrepidity, and valour.

### THE ACCOUNT.

When the Duke of Wellington had fixed on the ground where he resolved to await the attack of the French army, he found on the right of his position, an old Flemish mansion called Gomont, or Hougoumont, by defending which, it appeared to him, that much advantage might be derived. The buildings consisted of an old tower and chapel, and a number of offices, partly surrounded by a farm-yard. There was also a garden, inclosed by a high and strong wall, and round the garden, a wood, or orchard, and a hedge, by which the wall was concealed. The necessary steps were taken to strengthen these means of defence, by loop-holing, or perforating the walls for the fire of musquetry, and erecting scaffolding to give the troops within an opportunity of firing from the top of the wall. These judicious measures greatly assisted the successful defence that was afterwards made against such reiterated and desperate attacks.

On the evening of the 17th, the following troops were allotted for the defence: — 1. The second brigade of Guards, commanded by Major-General Sir John Byng; and, 2. The light companies of



the first brigade. The force was disposed of as follows: — The light companies of the Coldstream and Third Guards, under Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonnell, occupied the house and garden; those of the first regiment, occupied the wood to the left; these were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Saltoun; the rest of the brigade was placed about 200 yards in the rear, in a commanding situation, and in readiness to support the garrison if necessary. The whole amounted to from 1400 to 1500 men. To this force was added, immediately previous to the action, about 300 of the Nassau troops, some of whom, however, did not remain long, owing, it is said, to their not having been sufficiently supplied with ammunition.

The action commenced at thirty-five minutes past eleven o'clock, as appears from the information of an officer, who looked at his watch (which he was satisfied was correct as to time) as soon as the first gun was fired.

The force of the enemy employed in making the attack was very great. It consisted of the whole of the second corps, under the command of the Count de Reille. This corps, which amounted to 30,000 men, was formed into three divisions. The division commanded by Jerome Buonaparte, commenced the attack, but was soon driven back (about half-past twelve) with great



loss. A most desperate attack was next made by the division of General Foy, who succeeded in gaining great part of the wood, and had nearly surrounded the house; but four companies of the Coldstream, and two of the third regiment, moving promptly down and attacking them, they were driven back with immense slaughter, and some prisoners were taken from them. Several other attempts were made by the enemy against this post, during the course of the day, until their general retreat; \* but they did not obtain any advantage. In a most determined and gallant attack made between twelve and one o'clock, an officer and a few men got inside of the gate of the farm-yard, but they were all killed; and at no period of the day was the communication cut off. Reinforcements of men and ammunition were sent in whenever they were requisite. The attack against the position of Hougoumont, lasted, on the whole, from twenty-five minutes before twelve, until a little past eight at night.

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\* Late in the evening, when the second corps had been as completely beaten, as the first corps had been on the left, Buonaparte ordered forward the Imperial Guards, and part of that fine body of men was directed against Hougoumont.



At several periods during the day, reinforcements from the Coldstream, and the third regiment of Guards, were sent down to the support of the light companies employed in the defence of the house, garden, and wood.\* The latter was repeatedly occupied by the enemy, who were as often driven from it again, until at last these posts were occupied by the whole brigade, with the exception of two companies. About six in the evening, when the second line was brought forward, some Hanoverian battalions occupied the ground, where the second brigade of Guards had been placed at the commencement; and a Brunswick regiment

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\* When part of the third regiment of Guards was sent into the wood before one o'clock, Colonel Hepburn of that corps superseded Lord Saltoun, who, having but few men left, obtained permission to join his battalion, where he again distinguished himself. Colonel Woodford of the Coldstream, who went with the reinforcement into the house, was senior to Colonel Macdonnell, but in consideration of that officer's gallant conduct, Colonel Woodford refused taking the command, and each undertook the defence of a particular portion of the post they occupied.



was sent down to the wood more to the left than when the Guards held it.

The loss of the Guards, in killed and wounded, in the defence of Hougoumont, amounted to 28 officers, and about 800 serjeants and rank and file. The foreign troops (Nassau and Brunswickers) might lose about 100.

The loss of the enemy was enormous. The division of General Foy alone lost about 3000 men; and the total loss of the enemy in the attack of this position is estimated to above 10,000 men in killed and wounded.

It is said that the enemy were ignorant of the strength of the position, the garden wall being concealed by the wood and hedge; but the wall was so protected by trees, that it would not have been easy to have brought cannon to play against it, and besides, it was of great thickness. The enemy brought guns to a height on the right of the position, which enfiladed it, and caused great loss; and they succeeded in setting fire to a haystack, and a part of the buildings, by means of shells;\* but that did not prevent the garrison from occupying the remaining part.

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\* It was the tower that was burnt, and the fire penetrated to the chapel. The guide pointed out to me a crucifix of wood, which the fire



It has been said that the inhabitants of the place were not friendly to the English; but this is quite a mistake. They left it with much trepidation, when the cavalry of the enemy appeared in the evening of the 17th. They returned, however, for a short time very early on the 18th, to take some things away. Their conduct on the whole rather implied, "friendship for the English, and terror of the French."

Such are the most interesting particulars regarding the defence of Hougoumont, which does such infinite credit to the determined courage of the troops employed in that service, and which certainly most essentially contributed to the ultimate success at the battle of Waterloo.\*

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had attacked, and as it was damaged only in a part of the foot, it was supposed to have been saved by a miraculous interposition of Providence.

\* It has been observed that Ossian peculiarly excels in the description of battles; and in no poet, whether ancient or modern, can passages be found more applicable to the battle of Waterloo than the following from the poem of Fingal, as translated by the Rev. Doctor Ross: —



It was very satisfactory to find, that nothing could surpass the high ideas entertained on the continent of the steadiness, valour, energy, and

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“As roll a thousand waves to the shore, the troops of Swaran advanced: as meets the shore a thousand waves, so the sons of Erin stood firm. There were the groans of death! The hard crash of contending arms: shields and mails in shivers on the ground: swords like lightning gleaming in the air: the cry of the battle from wing to wing: the loud, bloody, hot encounter: chief mixing his strokes with chief, and man with man.

“As the lightning of night on the hill: as the loud roar of the sea when roll the waves on high: as thunder behind the rocks, were the noise and fury of the battle. Though Cormac's hundred bards had been there to describe the scene in song, feeble had been their voice to relate the countless number of the slain, so many were the deaths of heroes, whose blood was poured upon the plain.”

It was his description of battles that made Ossian so great a favourite with Buona-  
parte.



discipline of the British army.\* It was remarked to me, that scarcely any other troops possessed

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\* I found that the Scotch corps were great favourites on the continent, and a respectable friend of mine, the Viscount Vanderfosse, at Brussels, having expressed himself with much feeling and eloquence on the subject, I requested him to send me in writing what he had stated in conversation, and the following is a literal translation of the letter he sent me:

*«Brussels, Jannary 5, 1816.*

*«SIR,*

*«You desire to have in writing, the eulogium which I made to you yesterday, on the Scotch regiments, which have so valiantly defended our country and our laws at the battle of Waterloo. I shall endeavour to make use of the same words as formerly, since a Scotchman, enlightened and patriotic as you are, has thought them worthy of remembrance.*

*«Since the arrival of the English troops on the continent, their discipline was remarked by all those who had any communication with them, and in particular by those who, like myself, had had an opport-*



that firmness and discipline, joined to what we would call *bottom*, or a happy union of strength

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unity of seeing them in this country, during the campaigns of 1793 and 1794. At that epoch, your warriors displayed the greatest bravery; but England had not yet accumulated those numerous laurels, acquired under the command of the great and immortal WELLINGTON.

« Among these respectable warriors, the Scotch deserve to be particularly commemorated; and this honourable mention is due to their discipline, their mildness, their patience, their humanity, and their bravery, almost without example.

« On the 16th and 18th of June, 1815, their valour was displayed in a manner the most heroic. Multiplied, constant, and almost unheard-of proofs were given, I do not say merely of courage, but of a devotion to their country, quite extraordinary and sublime.

« Nor must we forget that these men, so terrible in the field of battle, were mild and tranquil out of it. The Scotch Greys, in escorting the French prisoners on the evening of the 18th, showed compassion to these unfortunate victims of war, while as yet the result of that decisive day was unknown, and perhaps uncertain.



of body, and resolution, or firmness of mind, sufficient to have resisted, for so many hours,

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«I am not afraid of giving myself up to those feelings of gratitude, which all the Belgians will ever retain towards those, without whom they would no longer have had a country; but even gratitude shall never carry me beyond truth. All that I have now said in praise of your excellent countrymen, would, I am sure, be confirmed, if necessary, by all the inhabitants of this kingdom; and the more you enquire into details and facts respecting their virtue and their glory, the more would the reality of what I have now repeated, at your desire, be established.

«Receive, sir, the renewed assurance of my esteem and gratitude towards your loyal nation; and permit me to join in the cry, at the sound of which your excellent countrymen have braved the most eminent dangers, and have triumphed over them, — *‘Scotland for ever!’*

«I have the honour to be, Sir,

«Your very humble and obedient Servant,  
(Signed) «VISCOUNT VANDERFOSSE.»

«First Advocate at the Superior Court of Justice at Brussels.»



the violent, desperate, and reiterated attacks of the French at the battle of Waterloo; \* where the force of an immense artillery, \*\* of numerous bodies of cavalry, variously armed, and many of them protected by defensive armour; and from 50,000 to 60,000 infantry, the *élite* of the French army, were all combined for the destruction of an enemy numerically much inferior. † It was observed, however, that the discipline of the French had become too loose, whilst that of the Germans remained too mechanical; but that the discipline of the British army was distinguished by a happy medium, which, when joined to that military skill and coolness by which the hero

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\* In the Austrian account it is said, "That no infantry less practised, and less cool than the English, could have resisted such attacks."

\*\* The French were greatly superior in the number of cannon in the action. They had above 200; the English only about 66.

† The French, in all, had about 75,000 men, and the British about 55,000, (including all the foreign troops,) at the battle of Waterloo.



of Waterloo is so eminently distinguished, almost insured a victory. \*

*London, March 18, 1816.*

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### *Particulars regarding Marshal Grouchy's Army.*

I was fortunate enough to meet at Brussels with some of the most distinguished officers who had served in Grouchy's army; and with great readiness they answered several questions I put to them, regarding that part of the French force. I shall here give a translation of the questions sent, and the answers they returned, which contain some interesting particulars.

1. At what time was the corps of Marshal

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\* The Duke of Wellington retained the same presence of mind, during the dreadful conflict, as if it had been a common field-day; and a foreign officer, of great experience and merit, assured me, "that he had served with all the most distinguished generals on the continent, but that none of them possessed so many of the qualities essential for a great commander, as the Duke of Wellington."



Grouchy separated from the grand army? —

*Answer.* On the morning of the 17th of June.

2. What was its force, and the generals by whom it was commanded? — *Answer.* The force consisted in all of 45,000 men; of whom 39,000 were infantry, and 6000 cavalry. The principal officers were Generals Vandamme, Gerard, and Excelmans.

3. What were the orders given to the marshal, and what progress did he make in their execution? — *Answer.* The orders of the marshal were, to march upon the army of the enemy, so as to prevent the junction between Wellington and Blucher. He arrived to carry that object into effect at Gembloux on the 17th, which the Prussian army had quitted about twelve at noon for Wavre. The marshal left Gembloux with his army on the morning of the 18th, to find out the Prussians, and to fight them. The second corps of cavalry, consisting of 4000 men, commanded by General Excelmans, discovered the rear-guard of the Prussians near a place called Baraque, about ten o'clock in the morning. General Excelmans brought his cavalry to the Dyle, ready to pass that river, when about twelve the marshal arrived, with General Vandamme's corps, and gave orders to march upon Wavre; this he did, after we had defeated the rear-guard of the Prussian army, which were from eight to ten thousand men.



4. Did you hear at Wavre the firing at the battle of Waterloo, or Mount St Jean? — *Answer.* About mid-day the cannonade was heard, and it was then that General Gerard, and several other officers, insisted strongly with the marshal to cross the Dyle, and to approach nearer to the emperor, leaving a small corps of observation before the Prussians, who had been beat, and had retired to Wavre. But the marshal constantly refused, and continued his route on Wavre. General Excelmans commanded the advanced guard, and would not have quitted the Dyle, had it not been in consequence of express orders given by the marshal in person, which he was compelled to obey.

5. To what circumstance was it owing that the army of Marshal Grouchy was of no use at the battle of Waterloo, or Mount St Jean? — *Answer.* Because the marshal committed the fault of employing his whole army, whereas, at the utmost, 10,000 men would have been sufficient to have kept the rear-guard of the Prussians in check.

6. Did Napoleon send any orders to Marshal Grouchy during the battle? — *Answer.* Several officers were sent before mid-day by the emperor to search for Marshal Grouchy, but only one of them (Col. Zenowitz) arrived at Wavre, and not till about six o'clock in the evening. The marshal



then resolved to pass the Dyle at Limale, with a part of his army; but it was then too late.

7. What became afterwards of Marshal Grouchy's army? — *Answer.* It was about eleven o'clock in the morning of the 19th, that the marshal learnt that the emperor had been beaten. The attack which he intended to make on the road from Brussels to Louvain was therefore given up, and the army passed the Dyle at four points — Wavre, Limale, Limilet, and Oittigny. General Excelmans with his corps pushed on to Namur, where he arrived in the evening, and where the marshal arrived next day. The allies attacked the rear-guard, commanded by Vandamme. The conflict was very obstinate, but the allies suffered so much, that our retreat afterwards was unmolested.

These officers added, that in their opinion, « Si les ordres de l'Empereur eussent été exécutés, par le Marechal Grouchy, les armées Anglaise et Prussienne étoient perdues sans ressource.» This cannot be admitted. It is said that Grouchy was over-persuaded by Vandamme to push on to Wavre, in the hopes of getting first to Brussels, and securing the plunder of that town to themselves.

*The End of second Volume.*



# *Corrections to the Works of Walter Scott. Vol. 89.*

| <i>Page</i> | <i>Line</i> | <i>instead of</i> | <i>read</i>  |
|-------------|-------------|-------------------|--------------|
| 25          | 20          | surmounded        | surmounted   |
| 75          | 19          | whioh             | which        |
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| 193         | 29          | come              | I come       |

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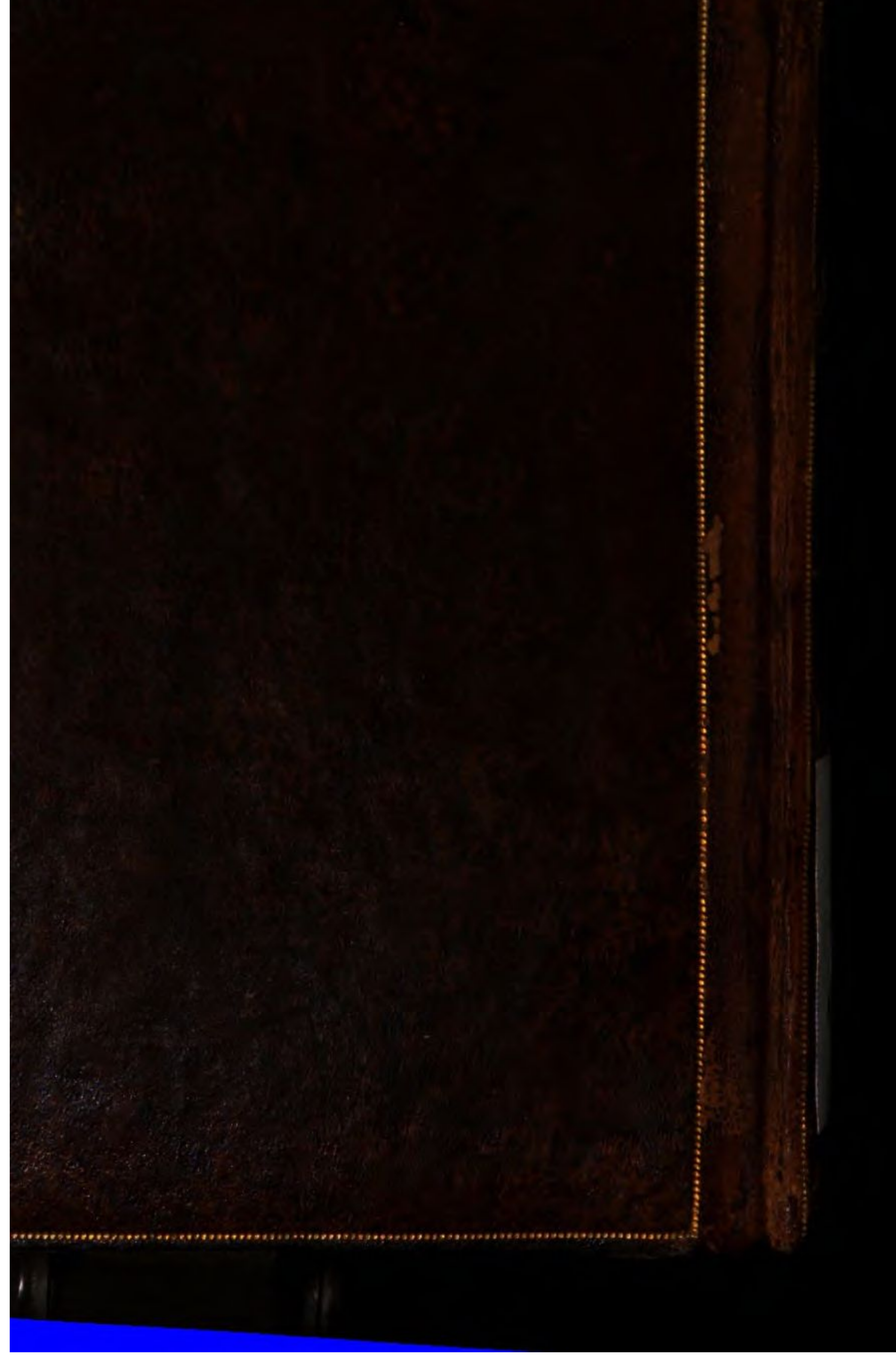














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